

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## MISCELLANY.

### LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

Of all the posy

Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood  
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old  
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love,  
(The love he bore to Summer, who since then  
Has weeping visited the world;) once found  
The baby perfume cradled in a violet;  
('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child  
Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness  
Took with a peabud in lady's garland;) The felon winds confederate with him,  
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains  
Polled from the wreathed laburnum, and together  
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,  
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.  
At length his soul, that was a lover's sigh,  
Waned from his body, and the guilty blossom  
His heart's blood stained. The twilight-haunting gnat  
His requiem whined, and hare-bell tolled his knell,  
And still the bee in pied velvet dight  
With melancholy song from flower to flower  
Goes seeking his lost offspring.

T. L. Beddoe's "Bride's Tragedy."

### WESTERN CHARACTER.

The character of the western people was better understood a few years ago, than it seems to be at present. Paradoxical as this proposition may appear, it is nevertheless true—or so near the truth that we feel disposed to attempt to prove it. The travellers who crossed the Alleghany mountains some years ago, were surprised at the degree of intelligence, which they found among the western farmers and hunters. Expecting to find a race of men, whose residence among forests, and whose distance from the seats of learning, had estranged them from all correct sources of information, and rendered them callous to the civilities of life, they were agreeably disappointed in meeting with a cheerful, intelligent people, unpolished and uneducated, it is true, but possessed of vigorous understandings and inquisitive minds. They found a people equally removed from the savage ferocity of the wild Irishman, and the sullen stupidity of the English peasant. Rough, independent and simple in their habits, careless and improvident in their dealings, frank of speech, and unguarded in their intercourse with each other or with strangers; friendly, hospitable, and generous, their character was not only peculiar, but attractive; and the candid traveller never failed to be favourably impressed with the noble ingenuousness, as well as the intelligence of our population.

But all travellers and writers have not the heart to admire the manliness of the western character; and we have latterly been continually annoyed with publications in which the ignorance, the immorality, and the irreligion of our people are standing themes of comment. We object to none of the noble schemes for the universal diffusion of knowledge; on the contrary we have always been their advocate, and shall continue to be such, as long as we shall have the privilege of disseminating our opinions. But when those who advocate education, religion, or benevolence, think it necessary in the warmth of their zeal, to describe our people as more ignorant and demoralized than those of other parts of the Union, we not only cannot go with them, but must be permitted to enter our protest, and to retort the charge of ignorance, upon those who make it.

We shall not identify any of the propagators of this absurd proposition, because we believe that many of them have advanced it under a full belief of its truth, and with the most perfect innocence of any improper intention; and they are, besides, rather too

numerous for special mention. Their fault consists in giving any opinion on a subject with which they are totally unacquainted; and their folly is manifested by their incessant labor to raise imaginary distinctions, which have not the slightest foundation in fact. The truth is, that education, benevolence, morality, and religion have all suffered from the ignorance of certain young gentlemen, who have been their advocates in this region—but whose ignorance, be it remembered, was imported. The clergyman who should tell his flock that they were wicked, would speak truth and do his duty, because this assertion would be true of any people; but he who should pronounce his congregation more depraved than others, and place the necessity of their reformation on that ground, would probably violate truth, and would certainly give offence. So the man who will advocate religion or education, or denounce infidelity or ignorance, in the abstract will always be right, and often successful, while he who undertakes to tell us that these things are specially necessary to us, in consequence of our amazing ignorance and depravity, will be very apt to be considered as a dunce, who has started on his travels with an empty brain, or forgot his lesson by the way.

It is not true, that the people of the western states are more ignorant than the same class of people in other parts of the Union. The proposition is not only incorrect in point of fact, but it is unphilosophical. It will be readily admitted, by reasonable men, that the people of one state have, by nature, as good intellects as those of another, and that the accident of being born on one side or the other of a range of mountains, cannot render an individual more or less intelligent. We apprehend that men's brains—at all events, the brains of white men—are made alike all the world over. It is very possible that climate may affect the human skull, advantageously or otherwise; the faculties of a Greenlander may be frozen to apathy, and those of an inhabitant of the torrid zone broiled to imbecility. But it will hardly be contended, that in these U.S. states, the same vigor of intellect is not found in every latitude. If we examine the catalogue of the great minds which have graced our republic, we do not find that they have been indigenous to any particular locality; on the contrary they have been pretty equally distributed. This view of the subject is humbling to the absurd vanity of sectional prejudice, and should teach those who make sweeping denunciations, to indulge well grounded suspicions of their own capacity to form a decision on the premises.

But we shall be told, that, conceding the sectional parity of intellect, in a state of nature, there is a difference in the degree of cultivation; the people in all parts of the Union, are not equally well educated. Here we come to the point; and we find that our objector has confounded *intelligence* and *education*, a bungling kind of business, to be sure, but one for which we are not responsible. Schools are not so abundant in the western as in the eastern states, and of course the great mass of the people are not so well educated; but it does not follow, that they are less intelligent.—Information may be gained in different ways; those most prominent, are, by reading, and by observation. A human being may know how to read, and yet be a very stupid fellow; another may be ignorant of that art, yet become very intelligent, by an intimate acquaintance with man and nature. Reading and writing are not magic arts; of themselves, they are of little value. The mere circumstance of being able to read and write does not make the person thus endowed more intelligent than another. It is the use that is made of these arts, and of the various acquisitions of the school and college that constitutes their value. Many a man who can read Latin and Greek, with facility, knows nothing else, and, as far as useful knowledge is concerned, is a perfect dunce; and thousands of individuals with diplomas in their pockets, are far inferior, in point of common sense and information, to the common run of backwoodsmen. One reason of this is, that too much stress has heretofore been laid upon such acquisitions, and too little importance has been attached to the possession of useful knowledge. The obtaining of a diploma has been considered as constituting a *liberal education*, and a knowledge of the alphabet has elevated the population of certain districts into an enlightened people. Now the truth is, that *knowing how to read*

is not knowledge, any more than *knowing how to chop* is industry. The question then may be stated thus; some people in the *West* cannot read, but they can generally chop wood and shoot the rifle; some people in the *East* cannot shoot nor chop, but they can generally read; and the fact of their relative intelligence remains undecided.

We have asserted that the western people are as intelligent as others, and we have admitted that they are more illiterate. But we do not admit this to the extent that has been stated in some recent publications, which we know to be totally unauthentic, and destitute of truth. We admit that we have fewer schools, and more people who cannot read, than the older states; and for the sake of argument, we will concede if it be desired, that no man can write his name, west of the mountains, except General Jackson and Henry Clay. Yet we contend that the mass of the people are intelligent. This may be proved from their habits, from their institutions, from their police, and social condition.

One eastern friend is apt to consider the backwoodsman a solitary, unsocial being, living separate from his species, in gloomy shades, or roaming singly through the lonesome forests in search of game. This is the history of some; and at certain periods of their lives, of many. But we are far from being an unsocial race. On the contrary, scarcely any of the population of the Union mingle so frequently or so familiarly. They meet at elections, at courts, at vendues, at races, at shooting-matches, at house-raisings and log-rolling, at weddings and funerals—and so frequent are these occasions, that scarcely a week passes in any neighbourhood without a gathering. There can scarcely be found people who take so great an interest in public affairs. The elections of officers, from the most important down to the most insignificant, all cause excitement. The candidates traverse the whole country, visit the electors at their houses, and address them at public meetings; and on such occasions, the political questions which agitate the county, the state, or the nation, are discussed with keenness, and often with ability. Every man is a politician, and becomes, to some extent, acquainted with public affairs. In some of the other states, few persons go into a court of law, unless they have business. It is not so here. Court week is a general holiday. Not only suitors, jurors, and witnesses, but all who can spare the time, brush up their coats, and brush down their horses, and go to court. A stranger is struck with the silence, the eagerness, and deep attention with which these rough sons of the forest listen to the arguments of the lawyers, evincing a lively interest in these proceedings, and thorough understanding of the questions discussed. Besides those alluded to, there are a variety of other public meetings. Every thing is done in this country in popular assemblies, all questions are debated in popular speeches, and decided by popular vote. These facts speak for themselves. Not only must a vast deal of information be disseminated throughout a society thus organized, but the taste for popular assemblies and public harangues, which forms so striking a trait in the western character, is, in itself, a conclusive proof of a high degree of intelligence. Ignorant people would neither relish nor understand oratory, which our people receive with enthusiastic applause. Ignorant people would not attend such meetings, week after week, and day after day, with unabated interest; nor could they thus go, and remain ignorant. They moreover travel a vast deal. Few men can be found, who have not travelled beyond the limits of their own state; indeed, few are found residing in the state in which they were born. They are a migratory and an inquisitive people. Their country is visited by a vast number of strangers, and their conversation with these, and with each other, turns chiefly upon the soil, climate, productions, trade, and relative advantages, of different sections of the Union. On all these subjects they are not only curious, but remarkably well informed. The country, too, is peculiarly adapted for the wide and rapid spread of intelligence. Its wonderful facilities for intercourse, its extensive rivers, its numerous steamboats, the goodness of the natural roads, and the influx of new settlers, from various parts of the world, are all circumstances admirably conducive to the introduction and circulation of useful facts; and that they have in fact the influence which we attri-

bute to them, is known to all who have any knowledge on this subject. Another fact is worthy of notice. There are few mechanics, and scarcely any extensive manufactories, except at a few points, distant from a vast portion of the country. The farmers are therefore forced to employ their own ingenuity in the production of the necessities of life. They spin and weave their own cloth; they make their own shoes, and many of them tan their leather. They build their houses, make their furniture and many of their farming implements, repair their wagons and ploughs, and do a great many things, which in other countries furnish employment to a variety of mechanics. This versatility of employment, although it certainly interferes with regular habits of industry, and impedes the prosperity of the country, exercises the ingenuity of the individuals thus engaged, who, instead of plodding on in a dull routine of unvaried labour from year to year, are obliged continually to employ the inventive faculty. In a new country every thing has to be created; all is young, vigorous, and progressive. The division of labor which takes place in older communities is not yet begun. One man must perform the labor, and exercise the ingenuity, which in other countries would be divided among many. Such men must *think* as well as work, and no man can *think*, about useful things, without improving his intellect.

There is not room to speak at length, in this place, of our public institutions. But if reference be had to our state constitutions, our codes of laws, the organization of our courts, etc. they will be found to bear a favorable comparison with those of the older states, and even to contain valuable improvements; and as the people discuss and vote directly upon all political questions, these afford ample evidence of their intelligence.

The same evidence is afforded by our social condition and police. An ignorant people will ever be brutal and factious, disorderly and careless of the rights of liberty, life, and property. Such is surely not the case among us. No people are more jealous of liberty, more tenacious of political privileges, more obedient to the restraints of law. Property and life are held sacred. Criminal offences of the higher grade are seldom perpetrated. Highway robberies are almost unknown—perhaps we might say, entirely unknown. Travellers pass over wide regions singly and unarmed, without the fear or the danger of insult or injury. These are some of the best results of civilization; and if such a people be pronounced ignorant and demoralized, it might be well to calculate the value of knowledge.

The whole truth of the matter is, that people are apt to undervalue the attainments of others, when they differ from their own. The man who can read, fondly imagines himself learned, and derides the ignorance of his neighbor, who is destitute of this art; when the former may be a silly fellow, and the latter a person of sense and observation. This is precisely the question at issue. The young men who come from the East to seek their fortunes, or for other purposes, are often graduates of colleges, and having a smattering of Latin and Greek, fancy all men their inferiors who know not the dead languages, while in truth, they are surrounded by men superior to themselves in useful knowledge, in the stores of experience, and in the powers of thought. Farmers, mechanics, and others, who have received what is called a common-school education, that is to say, who can read and write, but with many of whom, these accomplishments are *dead letter*, are equally proud of their acquirements, and rail at the ignorance of illiterate people.

Such is the arrogance of learning! Such the absurdity of priding ourselves upon common and trivial attainments, and despising solid information. Before men undervalue the mental qualities of others, they should reflect candidly, whether the diversity between themselves and those they criticize, consists really in the amount and value of their respective acquisitions; or whether it does not rest solely upon difference of acquirement and mode of culture. The eastern man has the advantage of having schools and teachers; the backwoodsman is generally his own schoolmaster, and his book is the volume of nature; but it does not follow, of course, that the one may not be as sensible a man as the other.—*Western Monthly Magazine*.

## THE LOST SHIP.

This pretty memorial is by Miss Landon:

Deep in the silent waters,  
A thousand miles from home,  
A gallant ship was perishing—  
She foundered long ago.

There are gallant heroes who sacrifice  
Around her port-blanes now,  
And spars and sailing gear  
Encircle her gallant crew.

Upon the old deck a blanching,  
White-browed sailor stands,  
While in the sky high he sits  
And looks down on the Wind.

There are pistol-sabers, and carbines,  
Hanging on the deck—  
And many a valiant dagger;  
But rust has quiet them all.

And east that to the vessel  
The west so boldly form,  
With the red flag of Old England,  
To brave the stormy North!

There were blessings poured upon her  
When from her port sailed she,  
And prayers and anxious weeping  
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters  
And joyous ones were they,  
Dusted but with fond remembrance  
Of friends so far away.

Ah! many a heart was happy  
That evening when they wrote,  
And many a lip pressed kisses  
On a beloved name!

How little those who read them  
Deemed far below the wave,  
That child, and sire, and lover,  
Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished  
None knew, save Him on high;  
No island heard her cannon,  
No other bark was nigh.

We only knew from England  
She sailed far o'er the main—  
We only knew to England  
She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with watching,  
That yet refused to weep;  
And years were spent in hoping  
For tidings from the deep.

I grew an old man's story—  
Upon their native shore—  
God rest those souls in Heaven  
Who met on earth no more!

## THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

Parliamentary reporting is now as perfect as it can be, under the present condition of the press, and the facts found with it by noble lords and honourable commoners are either groundless or attributable to themselves. The members cling to their Gothic prejudices to the very last, and still strive to invest the business of reporting with some of the disgrace, and very much of the inconveniences of stealth and illegality. It is but recently that reporters dared to show a note book or implement of writing in the House of Lords. They were obliged to conceal what they were about, by hiding their writing apparatus below the bar, and behind the screen or curtain; and if the edge of the white paper should, by chance or accident, appear above the crimson barrier, there immediately stalked forth the yeoman usher of the black rod, or some deadly myrmidon, to order the delinquent immediately to cease from violating the standing order of the House—*the hallowed privilege of parliament—secrecy*. Lord Ellen was once the champion of this standing order, yet, when the golden rule of the good old times was departed from, and the reporters were cabin'd, cribb'd, and confined like pigs in a sty, if, in the jostling of elbows a note book should fall over the bar, or sacred precinct, we have seen his lordship come from his seat on the opposition bench, and pick up the stray volume and politely present it to the owner. Let the Lords immediately double or even quadruple the accommodations which they afford to the press, and let the new Speaker of the ensuing parliament—the constitutional House of Commons—give them a compartment in the side gallery, or the front of the gallery, in which they are now accommodated, or rather not accommodated, and all reasonable complaint against the corps will cease.

When the present member for Middlesex, Mr. Huine, brought the reporter of the "Times" to the bar of the House for misrepresenting his speech, the reporter firmly and manfully defended himself upon two grounds:—firstly, that the speech was not misrepresented, but reported accurately and fairly in letter and spirit; and, secondly, that inaccuracies by no means implied delinquency or even negligence; for added the accused, "the members who sit immediately round the table, or who are contiguous to each other, so repeatedly misunderstand what is said, that not a night passes without very many of them rising to explain; it is therefore surprising that a sentence of a speech should be misunderstood by a reporter who is placed at the very utmost point of distance from the speaker, and under every possible disadvantage of seeing or hearing?" The argument was irresistible; and Sir Francis Burdett, with his usual independence and manliness of character, rose, and insisted that the report was accurate, and that the honourable member had uttered precisely the words attributed to him, "Soleventur risu tabula; tu missus abibis." But there might have been very little of the *risu* to the honest and innocent reporter, for the *missus* cost him 25*l.* in fees paid to the officers of the house during his very brief custody. These extortions are of a most

disgraceful character than any now practised in this country: they are more particularly disgraceful as coming from persons attached to one of the legislative bodies of the empire, that should seem above such practices in all which related to it. Mr. Walter, in the present instance, with a liberality which has always characterised him, sent the reporter a check for 5*l.*

When the Earl of Limerick, in the session before the last, brought the printer of the "Times" before the House of Lords, the expenses of the short and foolish job cost the "Times" about 50*l.* The confinement in such cases is ridiculous in every thing except the enormous expense. The printer, in the present instance, was taken from the bar to a coffee-house, where he sat the knight of a round table, regaling his friends and the officers of the House with a sumptuous dinner and copious libations, after which he took his walk, "as was his custom in the afternoon." When honest Jack Fuller, the member for Sussex, was confined by the vote of the House for insulting the Speaker, he seemed to conceive that he was going to be manacled and locked up in some cell disproportioned perhaps to the large and magnificent scale of his person. To his surprise, he was allowed to send for his old housekeeper, whose mind was equally full of the fears of a more criminal and less aristocratic species of "durance vile." The old woman, on seeing her master, burst into tears. "Don't be Hulbering there, you foolish old woman, but go home and bring me a bottle of rum," roared honest Jack; and the servant was about to depart in joyful surprise that imprisonment could be made so gentlemanly and respectable; but the officers of the House assured their prisoner that he might have rum and all things that he wanted, by paying for them at a prisoner's price. "I was to have had a dinner-party of twelve or fourteen people to-morrow," said honest Jack. "You can have your dinner-party here, sir, if you please," was the reply of the officer. "Sound, can I?" cried the county member, his eyes dilating with surprise and delight; "then I don't care a — for the little man in the big wig, or for his warrants and imprisonment."

Complaints by members against reporters or the press, always increase the real or imaginary grievance. The Earl of Limerick, in bringing Mr. Lawson, the printer of the "Times," before the House of Lords, "got nothing by his motion," except a corroboration of the accuracy of the reporter in setting down the precise words which the noble Earl had used and forgotten. When Mr. George Dawson, the member for Harwich, complained of a report of his speech in the "Times," that paper justified its report, and application was made by the reporter to Mr. O'Connell, and to the other members who were close, even to contact, with Mr. Dawson, when he made his speech. They all declared, with the exception of Mr. Shiel, who was further off than the rest, that the report was *verbatim et literatim* what the honourable member had uttered. In point of fact, men in the excitement of a debate are led away to speak, what they are themselves surprised at in their cooler moments. This very frequently happens when speeches are made after a certain hour at night. When Colonel Sillithorn tried with might and main to bring the printer of the "Times" to the bar of the Commons for a false report of his most eloquent and erudit speech—the most perfect specimen or *chef d'œuvre* of a calm, cautious statesman, and consummate orator—Lord Althorp assured the House that the report was accurate except in a little exaggeration of the laughter with which the gallant member's oratorical effusion, at that hour of the night, had been received. "The laughter," said Lord Althorp, "was certainly exaggerated, but not much exaggerated." A member immediately at Lord Althorp's shoulder then rose, and declared that the report was a "verbatim et literatim" statement of the gallant colonel's words, and that he had never read a more accurate report in his life. The "Times," for some reason or other, sadly mismanaged its defence, and lost the high vantage ground which these speeches gave it. It left out the particle nor, and converted Lord Althorp's negation in its favour, into a sentence affirmative and positive, to its prejudice. The nor was honestly inserted in the "Morning Chronicle" and in the evening papers. The "Herald" cut the subject altogether. If my recollection do not fail, the "Times" likewise left out the member's declaration that the report was *verbatim et literatim*, and as accurate a report as he had ever read. It is not often that a newspaper is so magnanimous as to throw away a triumph. This attack on the press was, however, the most unfortunate of any in recent times—at least to an assailant. The gallant colonel refused to listen to Lord Althorp's advice to withdraw his motion, because his Lordship had rested his advice upon a basis which involved his (the colonel's) veracity, and consequently his personal honour. The motion was pressed to a division, as a test, and lost by a sad disproportion of votes. Thus ended this foolish affair. The "Times" omitted this strong fact.

## REPORTING ANECDOTES.

The following are told. Sir C. Wetherell and Adam Coffin, as public men, are known to our readers.

"On one occasion, the Attorney General, Sir Charles Wetherell, made one of the most furious and eccentric, of all his very furious and very eccentric tares. It was directed like an unmasked battery of rockets or shrapnel against Mr. Littleton, the member for Staffordshire. Every body knows that Sir Charles contemns the study of costume, and that Mr. Littleton is one of the best dress and the best looking men in the House of Commons. Sir Charles, through his curious philippic, attacked Mr. L—— as a country gentleman—a term of distinction in the time

of Sir Robert Walpole—but instead of the term, country gentleman, he invariably called him 'the rustic gentleman.' Mr. Littleton evinced great annoyance at the incessant repetition, or reproach as it was meant, of the *rustic* gentleman. His annoyance was by no means decreased next morning, at finding that an ignorant reporter of a morning paper of great circulation, had throughout all the endless reiterations, set him down, not as the *rustic*, but as the *rusty* gentleman—'Rusty gentleman,' quoth the *Examiner*; 'and this from the attorney-general!'—Reader, have you ever seen the attorney general?"

We recollect Sir Isaac Coffin repairing to a newspaper office, in a great fury, with a newspaper crumpled up in the grasp of one hand, whilst a terrific oaken cudgel was brandished in the other. "Where is the editor? I want to see the editor—I insist upon seeing the editor immediately!" said the gallant man of war and wave. It happened that a reporter was present who very well knew the gallant admiral, and understood how to appease his angry mood. After several parries of his rage, and some soothing compliments dexterously applied, the reporter, with an air of *bon-homie*, asked, "But, my dear Sir Isaac, what is really the matter?" "Matter, sir, matter!" answered the incensed admiral, "sir, directly I entered the United Service Club this morning, one friend cried out, 'Sir Isaac, what have you done with your voice?'" Then another cried, "How is your voice, Sir Isaac?" A third exclaimed, "Have you got a cold, Sir Isaac?" I flew to the Naval Club, where again one friend saluted me with, "How are your lungs, Sir Isaac?" Another called across the table, "Why, Sir Isaac, you used to have a good pair of lungs of your own, how is it, Sir Isaac?" "I can stand a joke, sir," (continued the admiral,) "as well as any man in England, but hang me if I stand this any longer. Sir, I tell you that I was never more wind and weather tight in my hull than at this moment, and — me if I couldn't haul the main-top in any hurricane that ever blew—and look here, sir, look at this," saying which, he spread open that morning's copy of the paper, in which we read, in the Parliamentary Debates, that 'Sir Isaac Coffin addressed a few observations to the House, which were totally inaudible in the gallery.' It was not difficult to pacify the gallant admiral, by assuring him that the mistake could never occur again to a member whose voice equalled that of Brahman in melody, and a speaking trumpet in power. A few more very ludicrous scenes took place with the gallant admiral and the press, and whoever remembers the immense figure and resolute bearing of this son of Mars, must feel that it was almost as pleasant to face a lion as to encounter him in his wrath."

## CHARACTERS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF REPORTERS.

"From libations enjoyed in the Rainbow, the Mitre, the Red Lion, or the Crown, or one of the other resorts of the reporters, he, the reporter, issues to his important functions, and upon his state of nerves or temper depend the fate of a sublime tragedy, the reputation of a new actress or vocal aspirant, or the length, accuracy, beauty, or deformity of the speech of a great statesman or parliamentary orator—a speech which he has probably conned for days and nights, on which the eyes of his party are intensely fixed, and which is intended to influence the speculations of the merchant or the political relations of the world. The reporter, strengthened by a repast of Welch rabbits or broiled kidneys, and inspired by his favourite potion, criticism sparkling in his eye, and his soul full of the refinements of taste and the delicacies of art, goes forth to pronounce whether an opera dancer possess the graces of the highest school—whether an actress in genteel comedy have the true *ton* of the highest fashion, such as is witnessed in the drawing-room of the aristocracy—whether a great Italian singer have all the exquisite refinements and finer delicacies, which nothing can impart but real genius sublimated by the most finished study of the most exquisite models, under the highest masters. All such points are determined and pronounced upon, *ex cathedra*, by the Ari-tarchus, albeit he is as ignorant as a horse of the graces; and as to music, knows not a half note from a natural, or an adagio movement from a jig.

We once knew a laughable illustration of this species of newspaper business. The proprietor of one of the morning papers became economical, and wished to pick up one or more cheap reporters. He pitched upon a young lad from Ireland, who had just arrived in London to study the law, or rather to gain a livelihood at as little expense of study of any sort as possible. What Doctor Johnson said of French adventurers indiscriminately, and without any risk whatever of doing them injustice:

"All sciences a surving Frenchman knows,  
And bid him go to hell—he'll hell he goes."

An Irishman knows every thing. The poor fellow was a very ingenious specimen of such importations, who being asked whether he could play the fiddle, instead of answering yes, replied with *naïfete*, "I don't know, for I never tried!" In the case we allude to, the young gentleman flatly answered, "And yes to be sure now," to whatever he was asked to do. Five guineas a week was to be given to him, and five guineas a week to a lad just arrived, at odds with fortune, from a village of one of the western provinces of Ireland, or England either, was an income beyond avarice itself to contemplate. But his place was not to be a sinecure; he was to report in the gallery, and in one of the law courts, to both of which jobs he professed himself perfectly competent. He was asked if he felt himself able to review the theatres, and this function he likewise undertook. "And I suppose you will have no objection," said the employer, "to write us criticisms

upon paintings, statuary, and works of art and vertu. 'None in the least; nothing more airy or pleasant,' replied the youth from the Emerald Isle. At last came the climax of cruel exactions for the five guineas. "Our paper, sir, makes a great point of the opera and music; they are more fashionable than plays, and we aim particularly at fashion. Have you any objection to undertake our critiques upon the opera and morning concerts in the season?" "Not in the least, to be sure now, and couldn't I give them genteely?" "This was conclusive, and the bargain was struck.

It was said of Mirabeau that, in his distress, he professed his ability to perform any task whatever that was proposed to him, with the promise of a good reward; and Dumont, his friend, declares, that had anybody asked him to write a Chinese dictionary, he would have undertaken the task. It was the same with this young Irish reporter, this fortunate youth; and had this learned Theban proprietor suggested to him the composition of a Polyglot bible, he would have pledged himself to the job without the slightest hesitation. When the gentleman who introduced this universal genius to the proprietor was asked in secret whether his young friend from the unspellable and unpronounceable village of Connaught understood music, the reply was, "No, indeed; but I dare say he may have a natural taste." "Does he know any thing whatever of painting?" "The devil a bit, and how should he?" "How then could he undertake to criticise paintings and works of art?" "Och, sir, and an't those things so easily picked up in a big city like London?" Until the cub's taste and knowledge of art were acquired in the big city, the works of artists, involving their character and support, were to be at the mercy of his caprice and ignorance. When the proprietorship of newspapers falls into the hands of illiterate men, is it to be wondered that the public are annoyed with the ignorance too often displayed in journals on these subjects?"

## MY AUNT'S POODLE.

It was on a fine spring morning, when the inhabitants of — Street, Regent's Park, became aware by the continued utterance of a shrill, unpleasing, and peculiar sound, of the approach of "Punch." At the welcome sound, full many a nursery-maid hurried her tender charges to the bed-room windows, to refresh their young minds, and her own delighted eyes. Many a cook-maid hustled up the area steps, to gaze at the favourite; and even at some of the parlour windows might be seen the head of the master or mistress of the house appearing for a minute or two above the green venetian; and there, at No 17, might be seen the two bright eyes of my aunt Eliza intently fixed on some object in the motley crowd, at the opposite side of the way. Was it Punch that attracted that earnest look? Impossible; for his face, like that of Alice Gray in the song, "is turned away," as he is performing for the amusement of poor old Bachelor Fretful's seven little nieces, who are spending the day with him. Was it the nurse-maid? who is too much engaged in witnessing the hanging of the hangman, to perceive that the baby in her arms is in danger of sharing his fate; for the old Jew behind is pulling at its coral necklace, the clasp of which, unfortunately for its little owner, stoutly resists his efforts. Gracious heaven! the baby is getting black in the face! The string breaks; thank God! the child revives, and the Jew is disappointed. The red beads roll upon the pavement, one, which seemed to be ordained by fate to be the cause of contention, as bounding from the broken string, it hit the baker's boy in the eye; who, thinking it a pea aimed at him by the butcher-boy opposite, shoves him most unceremoniously with his basket; the butcher-boy staggers, and three pounds of beef-steaks, and a half pound of suet, fall from his tray to the ground. He stumbles over the feet of the tall life-guardsman, who, with great dignity, switches him with his cane across the face, for presuming to tread on his toes. The butcher starts up for revenge; the baker kisses the dust, whilst his loaves find their way into pockets, old clothes bags, bundles, and basket. "A ring! a ring!" Some one has snatched the package of silk stockings from under that apprentice's arm—there he is! seize him! "I have him!—No, he is too quick for me. There he runs!—knock him down!" Over goes the old fishwoman with the basket of mackerel. "Stop thief! stop thief! police! police!" Thank the gods! they come, and presently make a clearance.—What was there in such a scene to fascinate the attention of my aunt Eliza? Did you not see the little Italian boy with the white mice? Yes, and the white poodle by his side? Thinking of that, she saw not the half-strangled child; nor the vile old laicite; nor the broken necklace; nor the insulted baker; nor the ill-treated butcher; nor the dignified life-guardsman; nor the scattered bread; nor the injured apprentice; nor the nimble thief; nor the helpless fishwoman; nor the disseminated mackerel; nor the avenging police;—but she saw the poodle, and nothing but the poodle, and to her eyes it appeared to be in every respect the perfection of its species. Now never was whiter than its abundant hair; its shape was a model of canine symmetry; its eyes were full of fire and intelligence—and then its tail!!! Possess it she must, let the cost be what it will. A signal brought the Italian to the door; and in about three minutes more, the poodle was in the parlour, and half-a-sovereign in the pocket of the boy.

The first half-hour after the purchase of her treasure was spent by my aunt Eliza in lavishing on the most extravagant caresses. It is impossible to say how much time might have been spent in the same manner, had not the entrance of my aunt Anne, followed by Thomas, her favourite cat, interrupted her

endearments, and that too, not in the most agreeable manner. "Good gracious, Eliza! what have you got there?"

"A perfect *bijou* the most beautiful, engaging little creature that ever existed. Only look at him!" and she held it up in her arms to be admired.

"What a frightful, ugly, little wretch! Surely you have not bought that hideous monster?"

"Hideous! only see him when he is on the ground. Now is he not beautiful?"

But no sooner was Fidele on his feet, than he seized poor Thomas, who was quietly licking himself on the rug. A pitched battle was the consequence.—Tom fizzed and growled; Fidele snarled and barked. My aunt Eliza, screaming, jumped on a chair; aunt Anne seized the broom, and scolded; while the combatants rolled over and over, and, as they were much of a size, the issue of the fight seemed doubtful; indeed, it is impossible to say how it would have ended, had the sanguineous been left to themselves, but as it was, their respective mistresses becoming alarmed for the safety of their pets, interposed, and a separation was effected, but not until their hands and wrists had suffered for their interference.

Many and loud were the lamentations over Tommy's injured fur and Fidele's scratched nose; much angry altercation passed between the sisters, before it was finally arranged that Fidele should be chained to the table leg, to obviate, if possible, any more encounters. But now a new trouble arose; aunt Eliza's watch-chain was discovered to be unclasped, and the watch absent without leave. No clue could be found to unravel the mystery of its disappearance. At length, Eliza remembered to have heard something fall in the door-step, as she stooped to raise Fidele just after she had bought him; and she also remembered to have seen the little Italian pick up something which he shuffled into his pocket, in a manner which might have excited her suspicion, had she not been at the time so fully occupied with her dog. It thus became evident that the watch was gone, very probably for ever. Nor was this the last of the misfortunes attending the purchase of Fidele; for they presently discovered he was quite a puppy, and had not yet been wormed; for everything to the extent of his chain bore testimony to the sharpness of his teeth, and the assiduity with which he had employed them.—The hearth-rug was divested of half its fringe, and two of its corners were gnawed to pieces; the table-cloth had been dragged from the table to the ground—a china vase, filled with flowers, which had been placed on it, lay among its drooping contents, in fragments on the wet carpet, and a novel which had been carelessly left in a chair, presented as miserably mangled an appearance, as if it had been criticized in the —— Review. The author of all the mischief, among the ruins he had made, was busily employed, with snarling voice and oscillating tail, in tearing the fur from one of aunt Anne's green morocco boots, that had been warming in the fender, preparatory to a walk in the Regent's Park. Aunt Anne here lost all patience, and declared that if the dog was not wormed it should be hung. Eliza, who was now quite subdued by the accumulated misfortunes of the day, making no objection, they forthwith proceeded with the little culprit in a string, in search of a dog doctor.

During the walk, they were both silent and thoughtful, each regretting the part she had taken in the quarrel of the morning, and each thinking this day the most uncomfortable that they had passed for years.—Poor simple souls! how little did they know that these very circumstances which they now looked upon as misfortunes, they should henceforth look back to as the commencement of the brightest and happiest period of their lives.

When my heroines arrived at the dog doctor's unsavoury premises, they were startled by a most multi-tonant barking, proceeding from about thirty patients of the eminent practitioner whom they had come to consult. At such a greeting Fidele was, most naturally, exceedingly alarmed, and positively refused to enter, after many unavailing efforts to effect her purpose. Eliza was obliged to carry him in; then came another annoyance, the doctor was engaged with a gentleman at the other end of the yard. The sisters were obliged to wait till he was at leisure; this was very provoking, but this was not all, for Fidele was now as anxious to run to his physician, as he had been before unwilling to enter his doors; he fidgeted, and pulled, and would not be quiet, at last he succeeded in making his escape, and scampered across the yard, dabbling his long blue ribbon through every puddle in his way. This was extremely disagreeable, but it must be born with patience. "Fidele, Fidele, poor little fellow! poor little pup! so I have found you again; do you know your old master, my poor fellow?" said the gentleman at the farther end of the yard. Fidele testified by his obstreperous joy, that he had not lost his memory. The sisters looked at each other with surprise; Eliza, not willing so soon to lose her pet, began calling "Fidele, Fidele, come here!" but Fidele obeyed not the summons, he disregarded the voice; but not so the gentlemen, who turning round and approaching the ladies, inquired with the greatest politeness if the dog belonged to them, stating at the same time, that it had been stolen from him about a week since. Whereupon aunt Eliza recounted the particulars of the purchase, and added, that since the animal had found his rightful owner, she could not think of laying any further claim to him, but begged to return him on the spot; to this proposal the gentleman would by no means agree, and after much altercation on both sides, aunt Eliza was at last prevailed upon to keep the dog. The necessary instructions having been given to the doctor, the ladies

proposed to depart, the gentleman very gallantly opening the gate for them; but just at that moment a drove of cattle happened to be passing, and the sisters deemed it prudent to remain where they were. The cattle were extremely frisky, some being inclined to go any way but the right, and as there were a great many of them, it was some time before my heroines could proceed on their return home; but the stranger had during the delay, done his utmost to entertain them, nor had he failed in his endeavours; on the contrary, he had succeeded so well that my aunt seemed by no means inclined to dispense with his escort home, that is to say, they each looked up the street and down the street, fervently hoping that they might not meet any more cows, and expressing the greatest possible apprehension, at the bare thought of such a calamity. Was not this asking for protection? What could a man do in such circumstances, but offer to protect them? Why, wish them good morning, and go about his business. True, that is what an ordinary man might do, but he was no ordinary man, for he known he was captain in his majesty's —— regiment of dragoons, and soldiers are notoriously gallant; moreover, he had served for many years in the east, and India gentlemen are proverbially polite. Thus, it is not to be wondered at that this individual being both the one and the other, should offer to see the ladies safely to their home, and not only offer, but in reality wish, that his offer might be accepted, and so it was, much to the satisfaction of all parties; but before they reached No. 17, another drove of cattle nearly terrified my aunt Eliza in fits, indeed so much was she alarmed, that to prevent falling, she was obliged to avail herself of the captain's proffered arm, and even then, not all his agreeable common-places could restore their flurried spirits to their wonted equanimity, until they reached home, and parted from their escort. The whole of the evening was spent by the sisters in speculations respecting their new acquaintance.

In this state of uncertainty let us leave them, while we pay a visit to the captain at the hotel. In an elegant room in "Mivart's Hotel," sat this gallant and gallant officer alone, enjoying the complicated delights of a cigar, a bottle of old wine, and a beautiful fire, heightened by that certain feeling of satisfaction and composure, which in general steals over a man after discussing a good dinner, that is, if he be at all of an amiable disposition; and, as he quietly puffed, and puffed away, his thoughts involuntarily recurred to the occurrences of the day—the visit to Juno at the dog doctor's, and the consequent meeting with my aunts. They were nice-looking women, lady-like women, agreeable women; altogether they had left so favourable an impression on his mind, that he thought he should be happy to make their acquaintance; but their attractions to the captain lay neither in their looks, their manners, nor their conversation, but simply in the fact, that they were timid women; it is inconceivable what a charm timidity is in a woman. "The flush of fear" is exceedingly becoming, besides, terror throws them off their guard, and very often, at the same time into your arms: and then their tremblings, apologies, and confusion, after the fright is over, are so interesting, that you cannot help pitying the poor little dears, and in that little word *pity*, how much of meaning lurks unseen! The secret then, of the captain's predilection in favour of my aunts, was, that they were frightened, and he protected them, i. e. they were weak—he was strong.

Thus stood the feelings of all parties with regard to each other, at the close of the day that saw their first meeting. It now becomes my task to relate the circumstances that occurred on that day's eventful morrow. Morning dawned on —— Street, Regent's Park, but brought no song-soaring lark, no plough-boy's merry whistles, no noise of lowing herds proceeding to their pastures. What, then, was it not enlivened by many other sounds! doubtless much sweet to metropolitan ears. How can the shrill quavering of the lark be compared with the deep sonorous "Dust ho! dust ho!" or the plough boy a whistle, to the oft-repeated "sweep!"

The first thoughts of both the sisters were of the captain; their first subject of conversation was the lost watch, both being of opinion that some measures should be taken for its recovery, but both equally at a loss to determine what those measures should be.—What a pity it is that poor dear single woman should ever be without a male adviser: so they both thought, which thought aunt Eliza expressed as follows:—"I wish to goodness we had asked that gentleman's advice yesterday, ladies are so much at fault in matters of this kind. Well, I declare, if we meet him again to day, I will consult him on the subject." "So you intend to pay a visit to your dog to-day?" "Of course I do; will not you go with me?" Aunt Anne excused herself as well as she could, not being fond of dogs.

As soon as she had finished her breakfast, aunt Eliza set out on her walk: arrived at the dog-doctor's she found her favourite in perfect health, and was told by his medical adviser that he might return home with her. He was accordingly liberated; but, in the superabundance of his delight at regaining his freedom, he inadvertently went too near the kennel of a huge mastiff, of a most ferocious aspect, who darting from his house upon the luckless poodle, with a terrific growl seized him in his iron jaws, and—but poor Eliza saw no more; her eyes grew dim, her head swam, and she sank she knew not where. It is said that the sensation of fainting is delightful, while, on the contrary, that of recovering from a faint is almost painful. It may be so with some people, but it certainly was not so with aunt Eliza, her feelings when she swooned being those of mingled horror at the idea

of seeing poor little Fidele torn to pieces, and terror lest she should herself share his fate. How different from those of her recovery! on the first return of consciousness she imagined she was reclining on a sofa, but as her senses gradually returned, she presently found that no ottoman, sofa, chaise lounge, or easy chair, was ever half so delightful as her present place of rest. Where could she be! she strove to raise herself, but she found that she was detained, yet the restraint was by no means unpleasant—at that moment she thought she should have liked to have remained in that state of half consciousness for ever, but it might not be; every moment was restoring her to her senses, and she can now plainly hear the breathing of some one near, and now she feels that her couch vibrates as with the pulse of life, and now she opens her eyes, and sees—can it be?—the eyes of the captain gazing on her face, with an expression very like tenderness? Has she been all this time resting on his shoulder, and has his arm been round her waist? Good gracious, how awkward! She was in some measure relieved from her embarrassment by sundry kind inquiries, couched in the most respectful language. This gave her time to remember that she was no longer a school girl, and that there was nothing so very dreadful, after all, in having fainted in the arms of such a polite, soldier-like, handsome gentleman as the captain. So far all was pleasant enough; but then, poor little Fidele! O, hang Fidele! By no means, unless he be rabid; remember he is the hero of my story. Well, well, make haste, and let us get rid of him. Alas, poor poodle! he was so much the worse for the mastiff's *sorsie* as to be wholly unable to return home this day. He accordingly was again consigned to the care of his doctor, while aunt Eliza gladly availed herself of the gallant protection of the captain, whom she did not forget to ask, before they had proceeded very far, what steps she was to take for the recovery of her watch; he suggested an appeal to a magistrate, and he would be very happy to escort her and her sister to the office, any day they pleased. This very kind offer called forth from aunt Eliza many acknowledgments, accompanied by so many amusing remarks, that neither party discovered that they were going the wrong way. Aunt Eliza was the first to find out their mistake, and instantly proposed to retrace their steps; but the captain wished to visit the Zoological Gardens, that he might have the pleasure of introducing his fair companion to most remarkable monkey that he himself had brought from the East; but at such a proposition the lady's prudery was aroused, and she politely declined on the plea that her sister would be alarmed by her protracted absence. It was therefore finally agreed that the captain should call on them in the afternoon, and take them both to pay their respects to his *protégé*, Monsieur Jacko. When they arrived at No. 17, a cloud, which had been for some time threatening, at last fell with a heavy pour. Under this circumstance, aunt Eliza found little difficulty in persuading her companion to come in till the weather cleared up; aunt Anne insisted on his taking some refreshment, after which all the events of the morning were discussed, the propriety of an appeal to the magistrate canvassed again, and the projected zoological-treat arranged. Goodness me, how time flies! Can it be so near the dinner hour? It is too true—dinner will be ready in half an hour, and the rain continues to fall. Aunt Anne ventured to give the visitor a hint, but he would not, or could not, take it. Ten minutes more gone—a savory smell finds its way through the hall; another hint, but all in vain. Only five minutes more, and it will be on the table. Now aunt Anne was a careful housewife, as regular as clock-work, and nothing put her sooner out of temper than any breaking in on the regularity of her hours. She began to get fidgety; the clock strikes; she is out of patience. Well, if he will not go, let him stay and dine with us, or the fowls will be burnt to cinders, and the bacon boiled to rags. An invitation was accordingly given and accepted, but no sooner had the "with much pleasure" passed the lips of her guest, than she felt how foolish a thing she had done. Here was an utter stranger, of whose very name she was ignorant, and whom she had only seen once before in her life, advanced at once to the intimacy of a long acquaintance. At this moment, too, she remembered that almost all impostors dress *en militaire*—and, horror of horrors! there sat her guest, buttoned up to the chin in a beautiful blue, braided, and frogged surtout. This was the confirmation of her worst fears. Yes, she was going to sit down to dinner with a swindler; yes, it was for him that the fowls and bacon smoked upon the board, for him that the servant was decanting a bottle of her best wine, for him that an extra knife and fork was laid at the bottom of the table—a silver fork, too. Alas! she could not tell how soon that, and every other article of value in the room, might find its way into the pockets of the odious stranger. Gracious! how he is eyeing the salt-cellars next him—in another moment he will snatch it up. No, he turns away, but that is only because he knows he is watched. What is he looking for now? O, doubtless for a place to make his escape at. She never was so much frightened in her life. All this comes of buying that detestable poodle; if it had not been for it, this fellow would never have got into her house, nor have taken away all her appetite for her dinner. There, now, he has taken up the table-spoon; her heart beats so fast, that she is almost suffocating. He speaks—"Shall I have the pleasure to assist you to a potato?" She can breathe again, but still her apprehensions were not yet laid aside, for she yet continued to watch him most scrupulously, nor would she join in the conversation, but remained silent, or only answering in monosyllables, till at last the captain, tired out by her ta-

turnity, turned to aunt Eliza, and addressed his conversation entirely to her; while she, as if determined to make up for her sister's coldness and reserve of manner, with the most friendly cordiality, laughed and joked with him as carelessly as if he had been all her life her intimate friend. Nor was the matter mended by an adjournment to the drawing room, for Eliza, at the request of the captain, after a proper portion of poetry, seated herself at the piano, he, as in duty bound, standing by her side to turn over the leaves of her music book. Thus poor aunt Anne found herself neglected; at first she tried to seek amusement in a book, but she was constantly being interrupted. Now, by some accident, the music book fell upon the keys, and now they have blown out the candle, by turning the leaves too quickly. What are they laughing at! how tiresome it is to have people so merry, when you cannot join in their joke, as it was evident that neither the one nor the other regarded her in the least. So she determined to lay aside her haughty coldness, and take a share in their merriment, particularly as she now remembered that this very man, who she suspected of being a swindler, was going on the morrow to introduce them to a magistrate, from whom they would probably learn his name and rank. She accordingly determined to join them at the instrument, and in about ten minutes more she had taken the second in "The Minute-gun at Sea," which was quickly followed by "All's well" &c. till the time-piece on the chiffoniere struck twelve, when the captain took his leave.

"What a delightful day we have had," cried my aunt Eliza; "and what a charming man he is!" To which aunt Anne, making no reply, Eliza added, "Do you not think he is very agreeable—handsome?"

"He is very well," answered aunt Anne. "Is that all you can say? Why, I think he is quite ——" But what she might have added cannot be ascertained, for here she stopped, while Anne proceeded to tell all the suspicions that had so tormented her brain in the beginning of the evening, at which she was not very well pleased to hear her sister laugh aloud, call her apprehensions absurd and foolish, and at last finish by wondering how she could be so silly. It was evident that they were both losing their tempers, and as they never liked to quarrel, they without any further parley parted for the night.

As for the captain himself, he felt the truth of Moore's assertion, that

"She who feathers the dart when she speaks, At once sends it home to the heart when she sings." Next morning, faithful to his appointment, our incipient lover appeared at No. 17, just as the clock struck eleven. The ladies were not quite ready, that is to say, he had to wait for them at least three-quarters of an hour. Anne was the first to make her appearance, Eliza was ten minutes later; and it was evident that an unusual degree of care had been bestowed upon her dress; certainly it was arranged very becomingly, and she looked extremely pretty, which was not lost upon the captain. At last they started, in a carriage hired by the gentleman for their accommodation, which piece of gallantry had the effect of entirely clearing away from aunt Anne's mind any little lurking suspicion of his respectability, that might have survived the events of the last evening. When they arrived at the magistrate's house, the captain sent up his card requesting a private audience, which being granted, he handed the ladies into an apartment where stood his worship, a tall, thin, quiet-looking man, with a pair of sly grey eyes, a long thin nose, and an expression of countenance indicating that kind of sagacity which is commonly known by the words "tis impossible to overreach him." The captain explained the object of their visit, after which, his worship, turning to the ladies, demanded which of the two had lost her watch; but from aunt Eliza's evidence nothing certain could be gained, except that the watch was lost, all the rest was "she thought" and "she fancied," which was in law as good as nothing. He then proceeded to interrogate aunt Anne: her statements were more to the point. As she was returning from a walk on the day of the robbery, she positively saw the stolen property in the hands of the boy, to whose person she could swear; and she was also sure she should be able to recognize the Jew. Here she related how she had watched them from a shop window. Whereupon his worship complimented her on her quickness and forethought. He then cross-questioned her, but found no variation in her story. He declared that he had never before heard, especially from a lady, so clear, circumstantial, and distinct a statement as hers, and playfully asserted that she would have made an excellent lawyer. Aunt Anne was naturally flattered, and consequently pleased with his worship, who moreover, promised to do his utmost for the recovery of the watch. The business being so far settled, aunt Eliza was handed into the carriage by the captain, and aunt Anne by the magistrate; the door was shut, and the driver ordered to the Regent's Park. They had now discovered the name and rank of their military friend—this was satisfactory; and they had also made a new acquaintance—this was an advantage, so both the sisters were very well pleased. As for their companion, Eliza looked so pretty, and evidently with so much admiration at him, that he was equally pleased. From this time the captain called every day, flirted with my aunt Eliza all the morning, and stayed to dine with them at least three times a week. Thus was a month spent without any tidings of the watch. At last my aunts received a summons to attend at the magistrate's, as a lad and a Jew had been apprehended on suspicion, and they were required to identify them. They both swore to the Italian boy, but as the evidence was only circum-

stantial, it was at one time thought that nothing could be proved against them, but by dint of a little intimidation, the culprit was induced to confess his crime, and the Jew told where he had pawned the lost trinket. Alas! misfortunes often intrude themselves even upon the most prosperous transactions, for, on leaving the coffee, aunt Anne slipped, and fell, and in the fall sprained her ankle. The pain was so excessive, that for some time she could not be moved, and was at last obliged to be lifted into the carriage. The next morning brought kind inquiries from his worship; and the next being Sunday, brought his worship himself. This gentleman had been originally educated for the law, but having by the death of a relative, come into the possession of a large property, he had retired from the bar, and became one of the great *upstarts*. He had been long looking among his acquaintances for a lady with whom he might enjoy the pleasures of a domestic life, but year after year passed away, and he still remained single; till, at last he was in danger of becoming that most miserable of all animals, an old bachelor. But why should I go on? suffice it then to say, that, in about three months after the commencement of this narrative, the Misses Christie were no more, not that they were dead, but that they were married, which event was announced in all the papers of the day. But as I am in duty bound not to divulge the names of our captain and the magistrate, I must not copy the advertisements.

And now, by way of conclusion, let me beg of all single ladies and gentlemen not to despise trifles, as, from the perusal of the above, they will perceive that they sometimes lead to the most important results. There is another subject on which I wish to make a few parting remarks. Now, I am not superstitious, but yet such curious coincidences often occur, as almost to convince even the most incredulous; for instance, soon after aunt Eliza's meeting with the captain, three candles were placed on the table, entirely by accident, all in a row, and on the day that aunt Eliza first saw his excellency, she three stalked up the stairs. If these were not omens, what were they? and if they did not portend weddings in the family, what did they portend? I do not presume to give my opinion, but let facts speak for themselves.

Alas, poor Fielder! and alas, poor Tommy! Their melancholy fate alone is left now to be told. My aunt's paddle died of the injuries it received from the unruly mastiff, and poor Tommy, it is supposed, was stoned for his fur, and both were consigned to oblivion without monody, elegy, requiem, or even the regrets of their mistresses, which, to say the least, was very ingrateful, who were too much engaged with their new favourites to be able to think of their four footed predecessors.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1833.

We present this day, on our first page, a sketch of "Western Character," which we are convinced will be read with interest by every one who desires correct information relative to a people who are little known, and who have been most grossly misrepresented. We have had some opportunity of seeing and studying the traits of those hardy sons of the forest; and the more we have seen, the greater has been our admiration. In the language of the author of this sketch, we have found them "rough, independent, and simple in their habits" \* frank of speech \* friendly, hospitable, and generous." No candid mind can be otherwise than "favourably impressed with the noble ingenuousness as well as the intelligence of this people." It is true, that education is not so generally disseminated in the West as with us, and that we do not find so large a proportion of the population who are Greek and Latin scholars—and perhaps a less number who have made an equal progress in the study of their own language; but, if they have not the learning of schools, they are also without the affection to which it sometimes leads. We are creatures of imitation; our minds are prone to take the bent of our instructors, and with our learning we imbibe their opinions and prejudices. In this respect the minds of the "Western people" are unshackled; relying on their own resources, their actions are generally dictated by that plain, common sense, which we find so prominent in every unsophisticated being. Their language is the language of truth and sincerity—they are above disguise, and despise it in others.

## TAYLOR'S RECORDS OF MY LIFE.

### Second Notice.

We have much pleasure in recurring to this very entertaining volume. Mr. Taylor seems to have been early imbued with a predilection for "acquaintance-ship"—and in the work before us we have sketches of nearly five hundred different characters—comprising Peers—poets—actors—painters—physicians—editors—publishers—lawyers—divines—philosophers—aristocrats—democrats—statesmen—satirists—wives—and every other variety of which society is composed.

The notitia arising from such a "host of acquaintance," as may be supposed, is extremely diversified, in many parts comic, and in all interesting. We had marked above seventy articles in this volume, but as

we find that to incorporate the whole it would be necessary to print an additional sheet, we have selected some of the most prominent, which we lay before our readers.

Passing over Jesse Foote, who always replied in Latin to any unnecessary complaint which his uncle was in the habit of making;—Miss Seward, whose starched rigidity Mr. Taylor seems to think was in one instance particularly inconsistent;—Lord Godolphin, who only read two works, viz. "Burnet's History of his own Times," and "Colly Cibber's Apology"; and when he had perused these works throughout, began them again, and seemed to be regardless of all other authors, we commence with the well known and eccentric

DR. MONSEY.—"Garrick gave the following account of the origin of his acquaintance with him. He said that being in the court at the Old Bailey, he heard a gentleman request a man who stood before him to move a little on one side, that he might have an opportunity of seeing the bench; the man, however, a stout fellow, obstinately retained his station. The gentleman repeated his request, but the fellow remained inflexible. At length the gentleman, in a tone somewhat louder than a whisper, said, 'If I were not a coward, I would give you a blow even in the court.' The oddity of the declaration induced Garrick to think he must be a singular character, and he felt a wish to be acquainted with him, which desire increased when he knew that the gentleman was Dr. Monsey, of whom he had often heard but never seen. Garrick therefore contrived to get introduced to the doctor, and for many years a close intimacy subsisted between them."

Of a celebrated female writer, we have the following:—

Mrs. MONTAGUE.—"Her Essay on Shakespeare is a valuable vindication of our great bard from the strictures of Voltaire. It was supposed that at an early period of her life she had been attached to the venerable Lord Lyttelton, beyond the limits of platonism; but Monsey, who would not credit any imputation upon her moral character, said that, if such a supposition could possibly have any foundation, it rather applied to Lord Bath, with whom and his lady she made tour in Germany. There was something remarkably shrewd and penetrating in her eyes, tending to disconcert those towards whom they were particularly directed.

Mrs. Montague, in the early part of her life, was so fond of having various colours in her attire, that Lord Chesterfield always called her *Iris*. Her letters are throughout excellent, and I understand were written without any hesitation. In the "Dialogues of the Dead," written by Lord Lyttelton, there are two written by Mrs. Montague, which, in all respects, are much superior to those of his lordship. The unfavourable manner in which Dr. Johnson mentions Lord Lyttelton, in his "Lives of the Poets," induced her to relinquish all intercourse with him. She was indebted for some part of her education to the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, and it is said, that such was the precocity of her powers, that she had copied the whole of "The Spectator" before she was eight years of age; but whatever might have been the maturity of her mind at that early age, it is hardly possible to give credit to the report."

Of Mr. Taylor's political principles we have many illustrations in this volume. To such of our readers who may be curious to learn what those principles were, we present the annexed:

JOHN WILKES.—"He was conscious that 'Nature had not formed him in her prodigality,' but he used to say that the handsomest man could only be rated at a fortnight before him when courting the smiles of the ladies. His wit and humour were admirable, and a strong proof of their influence is, that they could triumph over the impression of his person. Those qualities, however, cannot throw a veil over the profligacy of his life, the looseness of his morals, and the freedom of his political principles,—for he was, unquestionably, not merely a whig, but a republican."

In Chapter X. we have the author's opinion of the real cause of the death of Lord Chatham, to which we refer the reader.

On the 7th page, treating on the subject of the French Revolution, Mr. Taylor says, "The privileged orders of society in all countries too frequently treat the general community as inferior beings. The natural consequence is, that some men of high intellectual power arise among the commonalty, men who do not, as Dryden expresses it, see nature 'through the spectacle of books,' but penetrate into the substance of things, and propagate principles calculated to give a new foundation to society. Such men will be found in all states, and unless the higher orders manifest less arrogance, no country can be secure from revolutionary movements."

In a note relative to the author's connection with Mr. Kemble, we find the following:—

JOHN KEMBLE.—"He certainly believed that he

possessed comic talents, and as far as a strong sense of humour and a disposition to enjoy jocularity could tend to excite such a conviction, he might naturally yield to self-deception. My lively friend George Colman, whose exuberant gaiety spares nobody, and to whose satirical turn I have often been a witness and a victim, being asked his opinion of Kemble's 'Don Felix,' said that it displayed too much of the Don and too little of the Felix. Kemble could bear jocular remarks on his acting with unaffected good-humour. I remember that after we became tolerably well acquainted, and were one day talking on the subject of his Hamlet, I perhaps too freely said, 'Come, Kemble, I'll give an imitation of your Hamlet.' 'I'll be glad,' said he, 'to improve by the reflection.' I then raised my right hand over my forehead, as connoisseurs do when looking at a picture, and looking intently as if some object was actually before me, and referring to the platform scene, exclaimed, 'My father,' and then bending my hand into the form of an opera glass, and peeping through it, continued, 'Me thinks I see my father.' He took this freedom in good part, and only said, 'Why, Taylor, I never used such an action.' 'No,' said I, 'but from your first action every body expected that the other would follow.' Whenever he spoke of his great predecessor, he never failed to say 'Mr. Garrick.'

There is a jealousy inherent in little minds, but the education and known habits of Mr. Kemble utterly explode the more than hint which our author has attached to this tragedian. Those who were intimate with the character of John Kemble, know that he would not stoop to the jealousy which is here glanced at. He was cautious of his fame as a tragedian, but this was far removed from the paltry feeling of the uneducated. In his devotion to the drama, his taste and critical acumen, he was unrivalled; and as a successor adequate to the task of filling his chair, he has left 'no fellow behind.' Of his *bon homie*, talents, and his extensive reading, it is not for us to dwell on what is admitted by all who really knew him. Of jealousy, as a general term, he had not a tittle—excepting on one theme—which theme was Shakespeare, with whose dramas he is so intimately connected that the name of "nature's bard," will always be followed with its conjunctive—KEMBLE!

FISCHBECK.—There were three brothers of this family. "They had invented the metal which went by their name, and to attract public attention they pretended to quarrel, and advertised against each other, all claiming the invention, and proclaiming the superiority of the article in which each of them dealt. They were, however, upon the most amiable footing in reality, and used to meet every night and divide the profits of the day. The metal had lost its popularity when I used to accompany my father to visit his patients, and he generally called on them as he passed their way."

We have an "odd incident" in the life of the celebrated

DR. BIRCH.—"He was very fond of angling, and devoted much time to that amusement. In order to deceive the fish, he had a dress constructed, which, when he put it on, made him appear like an old tree. His arms he conceived would appear like branches, and the line like a long spray. In this sylvan attire he used to take root by the side of a favourite stream, and imagined that his motions might seem to the fish to be the effect of the wind. He pursued this amusement for some years in the same habit, till he was ridiculed out of it by his friends."

The anecdotes of Garrick and his contemporaries are numerous, and many of them new; indeed there is hardly a public character who has either flourished or existed within the last fifty or sixty years but what is brought under review. Of Foote as an actor or a humourist we must express our conviction that Mr. Taylor has not exhibited that impartiality which the satirist was certainly entitled to. According to our author, Foote's character as a wit or a humourist was of a very indifferent order—and that even as an actor, had it not been for his 'dramatic ability,' he must have been content with a very subordinate situation, if indeed he had been tolerated at all. This assertion is so opposite to the records of Foote's contemporaries, that we make no hesitation in saying, severe prejudice has been the controller of Mr. Taylor's pen in this part of his work. Even the satirist Johnson, who went prepared to withstand the humorous powers of Foote, shook with laughter, as he replied to Boswell—"Sir, the fellow was so humorous and comic, the dog was *irresistible*!"

In conclusion, we would add that to those who may be already partially acquainted with the history of some of the characters introduced in this very entertaining work, the pages before us will afford much additional information, while to those of our readers who may be unacquainted with the public history of that day, we would recommend them to procure the volume without delay—as they will find it to contain a magazine of entertainment and instruction. \*

BYRON'S WORKS.—We have seen a splendid copy, comprising the prose and poetical works of Byron, from the press of Mr. George Dearborn, of this city. The volume contains many letters from the poet to his mother, which are not to be found in any other edition—and several poems, which are now first presented to the American public. As an additional value to this splendid work, we are informed that the whole has been arranged by F. G. Haller, Esq. who has enriched the volume with many valuable notes. To Bibliophiles who are conversant with those editions of *Isaac Walton, Quare's Emblems, &c.*, that were introduced by Richard Major, of London, some seven years back, the work before us will afford infinite gratification. The volume is embellished with a portrait of Byron, and a fac-simile of his autograph.

We understand that the entire first edition has been disposed of, and the whole of the second (now in progress) engaged.

THE AMERICAN JEST BOOK.—We have received a very handsome little volume under this title. It is beautifully printed, and contains many good things—but, the greater portion of the work being composed of selections from British sources, in our opinion renders the title a misnomer. We are however persuaded, that the author, in his next edition, will make many valuable additions—to which labour, from the taste evinced in the present volume, he is assuredly competent. The work is stereotyped by Mr. J. Howe, of Philadelphia.

For the article on "Western Character," we are indebted to the "Western Monthly Magazine," (a continuation of the "Illinois Magazine.") It is edited by Judge Hall, and published by Corey & Fairbank, Cincinnati, at \$3 per annum. We cordially recommend this work to public patronage.

## THE DRAMA.

PARK.—Miss Kemble's historic play of *FRANCIS I.* drew a crowded house, no small testimony of the respect with which this lady's talents are viewed by the N. York public. Many of her scenes were given with a feeling and pathos which elicited very marked applause, but at other times her tones were so low as to render it difficult to follow her except by those who were contiguous to the stage. Mr. Kemble's *Charles of Bourbon* was every inch the bold and gallant soldier. Of Mrs. Sharpe's *Louise of Savoy* we are much pleased to say that this lady never played with better spirit.

In "The Stranger" on a preceding evening, the acting of Mr. and Miss Kemble impressed the feelings of the audience deeply. With reference to the costume of Mrs. Haller, we would, however, suggest that a plain muslin dress would perhaps be more in character with the part represented.

## DOGGERY'S NOTE BOOK.

PILLS AND POTATIONS.—Miss Sally Magennis, a pale, bilious, and interesting young lady, appeared at the Dublin Court of Conscience, to show cause why she had not discharged her apothecary's bill, amount 9s. 4d.

Magistrate—"Johnson, call Mr. Cuthbertson." Johnson, (a rare-looking, rugged-muzzled officer, possessing a voice to which the neighing of the horse of the son of Hydaspes is but a whisper,) bellowed, "Mr. Cuthbertson, come into court."

Mr. Cuthbertson, a pensive, sombre, woe-begone, *Galenic*-looking personage, compared with whom Shakespeare's apothecary was a Daniel Lambert, now entered.

Magistrate—What is the nature of the debt, Mr. Cuthbertson?

Mr. C.—Please your Worship, 'tis of a medicinal cast. This young lady, your worship, became indisposed some time since; dispetic symptoms, a gentle tendency to hydrocephalus, some plethoric threatenings, and, indeed, a singular, whimsical, and organized amalgamation of disorders. I took the young lady in hands, and *operated* upon her in the best possible manner; administered cathartics, introduced demulcents, propagated re-action, and, finally, afforded every instrumental and medical aid possible, under the circumstances, and charged for the entire but 9s. 4d.

Magistrate—Have you any thing to say against this, Miss Magennis?

Miss Sally lisped forth a pathetic appeal, in which she stated that Mr. Cuthbertson had promised to take back any portion of his medicine that remained unconsumed, and also to make allowance for various phials, galipots, pill-boxes, which he neglected to do. The magistrate, however, wishing to avert a phthisis of the pocket from Mr. C. ordered the amount of his bill, with costs.

BOARD AND LODGING, WHISKEY AND OTHER COMFORTS.—Mrs. Flynn, a buxom huxteress, was summoned by John Skelly, for £1 12s.

Magistrate—For what is this money due?

Skelly—For board and lodging, and whiskey and

other comforts, your honour and glory. We *tak her* in the time of the big snow, your honour and glory.

Mrs. Flynn—True for you, Mr. Skelly; you *tak me in*, and you'd take in the father that bore you. He's a big blackguard, your worship, that would take the buster off the Pope's fish.

Magistrate—Do you owe the money?

Skelly—Aye, that's posing her, your honour and glory, leave alone the whiskey; bless your party face, to be sure she does.

Magistrate—And she is able to pay you?

Skelly—Aye, and twice as much into the bargain. Shure she has a genteel huxter's in her own, your honour and glory; and two *childer* by Surgeon Johnson in Thomas street Dispensary, and he stands to her like a Briton, your honour and glory.

Mrs. Flynn—Oh, you nasty man! I'm ashamed of you, so I am.

Magistrate—Take an order.

*Bonnets, Characters, and Mahometans.*—Edward T. Tracy, a knight of the clever, appeared to answer the summons of Miss Ann Phelan, a smart, sunning little bonnet reviver, who claimed damages to the amount of 2s. 6d.

Magistrate—How does Tracy happen to owe you this money?

Miss Anne (simperingly)—Please your Worship, 'tis his lady's transaction.

Magistrate—What have you to say against this, Tracy?

Tracy—*Asy*, my lord, and I'll tell you all about it. My Missis, my lord, wanted her bonnet refreshed, my lord. Misses Tracy, says I, don't go, says I, for to send your bonnet, says I, to Miss Phelan, says I, because, says I, she's a girl, says I, of a curous karacter, says I; but Miss Tracy, says she, don't go for to interfere, says she, with my little articles, says she; you're an *omedehau* (Mahometan), says she; and with that, my lord, to be contrary, she sinds the tie to Miss Phelan, and that's all about it, my lord.

Miss Phelan then swore that her work and the materials supplied were value for 2s.; and the magistrate decided accordingly.

#### VOLTAIRE AND PIRON.

Voltaire was irascible and jealous to a great degree; an instance of which is related in an accidental interview with Piron. Piron was a rival wit, who took a strange delight in tormenting him, and whom he, consequently, sincerely hated. Voltaire never missed an opportunity of lashing his rival in the keen encounter of wit; and Piron, equally liberal, left him but few advantages to boast. One morning Voltaire called at the mansion of the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, and was awaiting her coming in the *salon*. He had comfortably established himself on a *fauteuil*, anxiously expecting the arrival of the lady; for, though Voltaire was a philosopher, he was, nevertheless, a keen-scented courtier, and seldom neglected an opportunity of ingratiating himself with the powers that were. The door opened, and Voltaire, strayed in his best smiles, sprang forward to pay his homage to the arbitress of patronage, when, who should meet him, smirking, as it were, in mockery of the poet, but the hated Piron! There was no retreating; Voltaire, therefore, resolving to play the hero, drew himself up with an air of *hauteur*, and, bowing slightly to Piron, retired to the *fauteuil* from which he had arisen. Piron acknowledged the salutation with an equally indifferent movement, and placed himself on a *fauteuil* exactly opposite Voltaire. After some few moments passed in silence, the author of the *Henriade* took from his pocket a black silk cap, which he usually wore when at home, or in the presence of any one with whom he thought he could take such liberties, and putting it on his head, observed in a dry tone, and with great indifference of manner, "I trust you will excuse me, but my physician has directed me—"

"Make no ceremony, my dear friend," interrupted Piron, "for my physician has given me the same instructions."

So saying, he very coolly put on his. Voltaire stared at this unequivocal demonstration of contempt; but as he had provoked it, he was obliged to put up with the affront. He was therefore compelled to limit his indignation to the expression of his countenance, which was any thing but amiable or conciliating, and occupied himself exclusively with his own reflections. Piron took no notice of him, and the situation of the two poets became every moment more embarrassing. Madame de Pompadour did not arrive, and Voltaire was evidently out of humour. He again applied to his pocket, and drawing from it a biscuit, he began to eat it, offering as an apology that his health was delicate.

"Pardon me, but in obedience to my physician, I am compelled to eat—"

"No ceremony is necessary, my friend, when we set in obedience to our physicians," repeated the imperturbable Piron, with an obsequious bow; and

drawing from his pocket a small bottle or flask, with which he was usually provided, he uncorked it, and swallowed the contents at a draught, at the same time testifying his approval by smacking his lips with a violence perfectly petrifying. This was too much. The irascibility of the philosopher prevailed—and starting up, with indignation in his countenance, and darting a fierce look at Piron, he exclaimed—"How, sir, do you presume to mock me?"

"Pardon me—far from that, I assure you," mildly retorted Piron, enjoying the rage and confusion of his rival; "but my health is so indifferent, that my physician has directed me to drink wine—and the effect is surprisingly delicious."

Fortunately at this moment Madame de Pompadour entered, in time to prevent the progress of hostilities; and if it was beyond her power to promote a good understanding between the poets, she at least contrived to engage their attention on subjects more worthy of their talents.—*Landscape Annual*.

#### SKETCH OF THE BOULEVARDS ITALIENS.

When the afternoon approaches, the immovable chairs, which have been a long time unoccupied, are put in immediate requisition; then commences the high change of the loungers. One man hires two chairs, for which he pays 2 scs; he places his legs upon one of them, while his body, in a see-saw or slanting position occupies the other. The places where these chairs are found, are usually flanked by coffee-houses. Incessant reports, from drawing *corks* of beer bottles, resound on all sides. The ordinary people are fond of this beverage; and for four or six sous, they get a bottle of refreshing small beer. The draught is usually succeeded by a dozen, in the open air.

What is common excites no surprise; and the stream of population rushes on without stopping one instant to notice these somniferous indulgences. Or, if they are not disposed to sleep, they sit and look about them; abstractedly gazing upon the multitude around, or at the heavens above. Pure, unproductive listlessness, is the necessary cause of such enjoyment.

Evening approaches, when the Boulevards put on the gayest and most fascinating livery. Then commences the bustle of the ice-mart; in other words, then commences the general demand for ices; while the rival and neighbouring *Cafe's* of Tortoni and Riché have their porches of entrance choked by the incessant ingress and egress of customers. The full moon shines beautifully above the foliage of the trees; and an equal number of customers, occupying chairs, sit without and call for ices to be brought to them. Meanwhile, between these loungers and the entrances to the *cafe's*, move on, closely wedged, and yet scarcely in motion, the mass of human beings who come only to exercise their eyes, by turning them to the right or to the left; while, on the outside, upon the chaise, are drawn up the carriages of visitors (chiefly English ladies) who prefer taking their ice within their close morocco quarters. The varieties of ice are endless; but that of the *vanille* is justly a general favorite: not but that you may have coffee, chocolate, punch, peach, almond, and, in short, every species of gratification of this kind, while the glasses are filled to a great height, in a pyramidal shape, and some of them with layers of strawberry, gooseberry, and other colored ices, like pieces from a harlequin's jacket, are seen moving to and fro, to be silently and certainly devoured by those who bespeak them. Add to this, every one has his tumbler and small water-bottle by the side of him; in the centre of the bottle is a large piece of ice, and with a tumbler of water poured therefrom, the visitor usually concludes his repast.

It is getting towards midnight, but the bustle and activity of the Boulevards have not yet much abated. Groups of musicians, ballad-singers, tumblers, actors, conjurors, slight-of-hand professors, and raree show men, have each their distinct audiences. You advance; a little girl, with a raised turban (as usual, tastefully put on,) seems to have no mercy, either upon her own voice, or upon the hurdy gurdy on which she plays; her father shews his skill upon a violin, and the mother is equally active with the organ; after a flourish, not of trumpets, but of these instruments, the tumblers commence their operations. But a great crowd is collected to the right. What may this mean? All are silent; a ring is made, of which the boundaries are marked by small lighted candles stuck in pieces of clay. Within this circle stands a man, apparently strangled; both arms are extended, and his eyes are stretched to their utmost limits. You look more closely, and the hilt of a dagger is seen in his mouth, of which the blade is introduced into his stomach! He is almost breathless, and ready to faint, but he approaches, with the crown of a hat in his hand, into which he expects you to drop a sous. Having made his collection, he draws forth the dagger from its carnal sheath, and making a bow seems to anticipate the plaudits which invariably follow.

Or he changes his plan of operations on the following evening. Instead of the dagger put down his throat, he introduces a piece of wire up one nostril, to descend by the other, and thus self-tortured, demands the remuneration and applause of his audience. In short, from one end of the

Boulevards to the other, nearly two English miles, there is nought but animation, good humor, and it is right to add, good order.

*Rev. T. F. Dibdin's Tour in France and Germany.*

*Remarkable cases of Suicide.*—Common instances of self-destruction it does not fall within the scope of our paper to notice; but those now to be mentioned are almost if not quite without example in the country, and we trust will forever remain without imitation. The several Boston papers contain the narrative, an abridgement of which we subjoin. The melancholy event took place on Sunday last. The parties whose death by their own act and under such circumstances has startled the community, were a lady and gentleman named Mary Bradlee and John B. Carter. Their bodies were found on Monday morning suspended, each by a handkerchief, to the hook of a scale-beam in the store of Miss Bradlee's father. Mr. Carter it seems, was an assistant to Mr. Bradlee, and the accepted lover of the young lady. Mr. Bradlee was desirous of giving up business, and Mr. Carter had entered into a negotiation with him for the purchase of his stock, failing in which he had determined upon going to New-Orleans, whither Miss Bradlee wished to accompany him, but her parents refused their consent; the mutual unhappiness produced by this refusal, is assigned as the cause of their determination to commit suicide. To effect their purpose they had mounted on two chairs, and Miss B. being shorter than Mr. C. had placed a box upon her chair in addition; it would seem that they had embraced each other and then pushed the chairs away, as they were found hanging in close contact, face to face, clasping each other's hands. Mr. Carter's age was 23 or 24 and Miss Bradlee's about 20.

They had left Mr. Bradlee's house on Sunday afternoon under pretence of going to Trinity Church. Their parents worship at Mr. Pierpont's. No alarm was felt for the absence of Miss B., as she was in the habit of accompanying Mr. Carter to his father's house, and often remained there over night with his sister. There are duplicate keys to the store, one of which Mr. C. used.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was that they came to their death by hanging themselves by the neck by mutual agreement. Four letters were left by them: two in Miss B.'s dressing room, one of which was written by herself, and two in the room where their bodies were found. These letters contained nothing which could throw any light upon the transaction, except that the act was voluntary with both, and deliberately resolved upon. They did not, (as indeed the case did not justify their so doing) convey the slightest reproach to their parents; but bade them adieu, in terms like those of affectionate children upon their death bed.

The objections of Mr. Bradlee to the removal of his daughter to New Orleans, were in consequence of her ill health,—and a fear that the climate of that city would be fatal to her. There was no impeachment in any respect of the character of either Miss B. or Mr. C. and the parents of both are spoken of as among the best and most esteemed citizens of Boston.

Mr. Bradlee, says the *Transcript*, is truly a bereaved and heart-broken man. But a short time since, his son and partner died of consumption; and last summer he lost another child, by the parting of a wheel tire, as she was looking out of a carriage window in which they were returning from the country.

*N. Y. State Temperance Society.*—The publishing committee, on completing their first year of the *Temperance Recorder*, have issued a circular, of which we so highly prize the object, that although pressed for room, we annex the principal portions.

SIR—This number closes the first volume of the *Recorder*, and the Publishing Committee deem it not improper to offer a few suggestions for your consideration.

With the character of the paper you are now acquainted. It object you understand. Its effects in your own vicinity you have seen. The Committee, therefore, have confidence to ask you the question—"Shall the paper be sustained another year?" This, in view of the Committee, is a question of no inconsiderable importance to the cause of temperance—the cause we love—the cause we are pledged to support and advance. The very many evidences of the salutary influence of the *Recorder* upon the minds of not only the citizens of this State, but of every part of the Union, which are brought to our knowledge by every mail, leave upon our minds not the vestige of a doubt in regard to the utility and the necessity of a periodical conducted on the same principles as is the *Recorder*.

If, in your opinion, the *Recorder* is calculated to promote the cause of temperance, may we ask you to make an effort to continue and increase the circulation in your vicinity? Our terms for the second volume will be—one copy 50 cents, twenty copies \$5, forty copies \$10, one hundred copies \$25—in advance, post paid. Thus five dollars will enable any friend of temperance to circulate twenty copies, either in his own town or to individual acquaintances in any part of the Union.

For all sum less than five dollars, we shall expect to charge at the rate of fifty cents per copy ordered.

These terms it is believed, will bring the *Recorder* within the means of every individual who may wish to take it; but in order to collect their names and their subscription, some effort is necessary. Now the plan we would recommend, is that you should take this paper, and make such efforts in your neighbourhood as you may judge proper, to obtain subscriptions. Several instances have occurred in which individuals

by a little exertion, have in a few hours secured 40, 100, and even 200 subscribers. Twenty-five cents will furnish one family with one paper each month, and thus keep them acquainted with all the facts and the arguments gathered by the committee, and the plans pursued by the friends of the cause to advance its progress. And in order to remove even the last impediment in the way of your success in case you should make the effort, as we trust you will, we have said twenty copies for five dollars, instead of 40 for \$10, as before offered.

*Lotteries.*—The recent self-destruction of Wm. D. Ackers, of Boston, has awakened the attention of the citizens of that city, and the Grand Jury have made a presentment on the subject to the Municipal Court. In a Message to the Legislature, Governor Lincoln adverts to the fate of Ackers, and states that he had received a memorial from some of the most respectable citizens of Boston, recommending that measures should be taken through the Legislature, or otherwise, to induce, through all the States in the Union, the *absolute and entire abolition of Lotteries*. He earnestly recommends the subject to the investigation of the Legislature. A Communication from a highly respectable source is published in several of the city papers, deprecating Lotteries and their effects. The amount embezzled from his employers by Ackers, (whose reputation was unblemished until after his death) was *Eighteen Thousand Dollars*—all, according to his own statement, wasted in lotteries.—The young man destroyed himself by drowning, rather than to endure the disclosure of his speculations.

*Temperance.*—On Sabbath morning last, the Rev. Dr. Edwards, Cor. Sec. of the Am. Temperance Society, by the request of Members of Congress, delivered a discourse at the Capitol upon the subject of Temperance. The object of the speaker was to aid his auditors to inquire whether the use of *ardent spirit*, or the traffic in it, is, in view of all the developments of Providence, as to its nature and effects, consistent with the principles and requirements of the Christian religion; and whether those who understand the subject, or have the means of understanding it, can continue such a practice or employment, and not violate the will of God, and exert an influence which tends to the temporal and eternal ruin of mankind; and whether religion, patriotism, and humanity, do not require a man to renounce it, and to use his influence in all proper ways to lead all others to do the same. The facts which the speaker brought forward in the course of the investigation were appalling, his illustrations were bold and forcible, and the whole performance was well calculated to extend the influence of the temperance reformation. It was listened to with deep interest, and gave great satisfaction to the audience.—*Nat. Intel.*

*PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOVERIES.*—We understand that Sir David Brewster has within this last week made two very remarkable discoveries, which promise to be of some use to science. In a new salt discovered by Dr. William Gregory, viz.—an oxalate of chromium and potash, he has detected the extraordinary property that one of its images formed by double refraction is of a bright scarlet, while the other image is of a bright blue colour. In examining the pure liquid, anhydrous acid, prepared in the manner which is supposed to yield it in its purest state, he found that the acid consisted of two separate fluids, one of which was heavier than the other, and possessed a much higher refractive power. When the two fluids were shaken they formed an imperfect union, and separated again by being allowed to remain at rest. What the second fluid is remains to be investigated; it may perhaps turn out to be an entirely new substance. Its physical properties are now under investigation.—*Caled. Merc.*

*Lead Mines of the United States.*—The quantity of lead manufactured at the mines during the year ending 30th September last, was 4,211,876 lbs, being a diminution of 3,167,204 lbs as compared with the returns of 1831. This deficiency is explained partly by the fact, that during the past year no lead was drawn from the mines of Missouri, (no leases having been granted there since the Act of 1829, authorizing the sale of all the mineral lands in that State) and partly by the interruption of the mines on the Upper Mississippi, in consequence of the Indian War. The annexed schedule shows the quantity manufactured in each year, ending 30th September, from 1823 to 1832, inclusive:—

Year	Fever River.	Missouri.	Total.
1823	335,130		335,130
1824	175,220		175,220
1825	664,530	386,590	1,051,120
1826	958,842	1,274,962	2,333,804
1827	5,181,180	910,380	6,092,560
1828	11,105,810	1,205,920	12,311,730
1829	13,343,150	2,188,160	14,541,310
1830	8,323,998	8,060	8,332,058
1831	6,381,900	67,180	6,449,080
1832	4,281,876		4,281,876

Total, 50,151,636 5,151,252 55,903,888

Of the amount manufactured the past year, there has accrued to the United States for rents, \$238,898.

Why is a promoted Curate like a basket?—Because he's made o' Wicker.

Why is a baronet's coat as good as himself?—Because he's a sir, and his coat's a sir too, (sur-tout.)

Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs a perfect goddess?—Because she's a second Flora.

Why is a boy that takes after his mother like a soldier?—Because he's a son of Ma's.

## THE COMING OF THE COMET.

We find in the *Literary Gazette*, a notice of a *fantastique d'esprit* bearing the title of *The Death-bed of Politics, or the Coming of the Comet in Seven Days—a Vision*; by a Planet-struck Poet. Reform is therein personated by the Comet of Biela, and the affair, with the help of humourous etchings, is said to be very well managed. We subjoin a few extracts that may confirm the opinion.

"Ye Christians all, and Pagans too, and followers of Mahomet,  
It equally concerns you all to be here about a comet,  
That's blazing in the sky,  
And it's coming by and by,  
And it's quite out of the question to think of getting from it!  
You must know I dream dreams, as many other people do,  
What's more, I've just been having one,—but then, what's that to you?"

"Why—to serve you as a warning,  
For it happened in the morning,  
So of course you may be sure that it will all come true.  
Methought—methought what things we think!—methought  
twas very bad,  
Whereas, in point of fact, you know, it really is not,—  
But it was, if you remember,  
About the middle of September,  
And 'twas then the comet first was spied, as you may not have forgot."

"But, to return from this digression:—  
Methought the heat had now derived considerable accession,  
Which astonished us the more,  
Since the day was nearly o'er,  
And we all had hoped, when evening came, to escape from the oppression."

Now sitting at the parlour window, after having dined,  
And naturally being of a reflecting turn of mind,  
Thinks I,—what is the reason  
Of this extraordinary season?

Something more than common must be stirring in the wind?"

So with that, I threw the window up, and began to look about;  
And there, good heavens! to be sure, I found it all out;  
A queer thing in the sky.

Very soon caught my eye,  
And oh! it was the comet, sir, there could not be a doubt!"

[The comet becomes more portentous.]

"Methought 'twas now the second day, and you might see all eyes  
Turned eagerly towards the east, to see the comet rise;

But oh! the sudden change,  
A terrible as strange!

Bright as a rocket now it rose, five times its former size!  
Now the tail was seen above, and might be three times as long,

So it struck me,—for I love to have some figures in my song.—

That it seemed to the creation

A huge mark of admiration!  
And aptly seemed to indicate that things were going wrong.

Folks now began to think themselves in an awkward situation,  
For this comet, it was evident to men of observation,

Was coming like a shot to us.

To do I don't know what to us!

A thought, you may be sure, which caused no little consternation.

Though we looked up, the funds looked down, so great a panic grew,  
And as for prices, they, alas! which way to look scarce knew!

Now could consolers bear that sight,  
But immediately took fright,  
They hung their tender heads in grief—and closed at 82!

Yet, thanks to this phenomenon, the press proceeded gaily;

Some thirty-two new magazines were forthwith published daily;

We'd the 'Halfpenny Astronomer'—  
But I have not time to run 'em o'er,

If you'd wish to see the editors, they're all in the Old Bailey."

[Parliament is assembled, and the commencement of its labours pleasantly described.]

"One rather curious fact it will be proper here to state:—  
So great had been the royal hurry, and the royal fears so great,

That,—the servants of the crown  
Having all gone out of town,—

The king had writ the speech himself, for fear of being late!

"The urgent nature of the case," thinks he, "this course compels."

But the ministers, while some were shooting, some were picking shells,

So they came down to the house;

From their pleasures and their grouse,

Knowing nothing more about the speech than any body else!

Now, when the head was in the crown, and the chancellor in his station,

And things, and men, and all, at last, in their proper suits,

Then the king, who rather trembled

To see them all assembled,

Delivered himself as follows, not without much agitation:

"My lords, this is no time, I think, for metaphors or flow-  
ers—

You know as well, now, what I mean, as if I talked for

When we're all at death's door,

What matters any more?

The friendliest assurances from all foreign powers?

The comet then's the only question now to be discussed,

Which my ministers will, therefore, use their best means to adjust:

With them and you it lies

Such measures to devise—

As will save the country, and restore tranquillity, I trust."

"Twaithen that Grey he looked at Brougham—and Brough-

am he looked at Grey,

For neither, for the life of him, could think of what to say;

But as, luckily, 'twas late,

So they put off the debate,

And in spite of the said comet, they adjourned till next day."

[The debates and political measures are reported in a similar vein: for instance, Mr. Hume, &c.]

"Then came Joe, with his accounts in hand—the minister he scolded  
For sums laid out in telescopes, and carefully unfolded  
How much the comet cost us.

And exactly what it was this:—

First he showed us what each item made, then reckoned what the whole did.

But vainly should I hope to give a title of their debating,

Which each succeeding hour there seemed less chance of terminating;

To one source of confusion

I have yet made no allusion,

Which, however, as a striking fact, I think deserves relation:

Twas when members first were canvassing that Biela was

discovered,

Now the new electors judging names could not be adjourned.

Such effect had this, I find,

In influencing their mind,

That no less than twelve astronomers had duly been re-

quested,

Having pledged themselves to make a stir, were apt to be prolix;

And what made it worse, you see,

They could none of them agree,

And the tendency of their disputes was not the most pacific,

And now high words had soon, I ween, to fierce discord

grown,

But that the comet's dreadful noise, overpowering even their

So drowned each speaker's voice,

That it left to them no choice,

And finding all their efforts vain,—why they let the thing

The fifth day came, and all the world was up again be-

times,

But what they saw—oh, heavens! it is too mighty for these

Suffice it then to say,

They turned their heads away,

And those, who had any consciences, bethought them of

their crimes."

THE HORRORS OF HORSEMANSHIP.

"Well, thank Heavens and Mr. Gurney, locomotion will soon be conducted on less perilous principles, and steam will supersede the functions of that most terrific of all animals, whether bipeds, quadrupeds, or centipedes—the horse. O how delightful it will be to ride on a charger which can neither bite, or kick, or start, or rear, or run away!—unless you fancy it. What comfort thus to bestride, as it were, an ambling tea-kettle, or a bubbling but docile boiler, instead of that wild, capricious, self-willed monster, whose chief pastime appears to be to give his rider as much uneasiness as he can whilst he carries him, and to fling him from his back as soon as he finds a convenient opportunity. Command me to a horse of metal, if you will—but then it must belong to the mineral and not the animal kingdom. I should have no objection to the tea-kettle prancing or capricioling, if I myself, as would be the case with that amenable steed, were the originator of those frolics, and could put an end to them in a moment of my own free will, whenever my Pegasus became too hot and spirited, by the curb of a safety valve. Nay, perhaps I should fancy to dispense myself sometimes in Hyde Park, (I do not think I would venture it in the streets,) and would, like other Nimmers, feel an anxiety to exhibit my kettleness and chivalry in the eyes of the fair. But, indeed, this desire for display is childish, and I would seek to restrain it, as far as the hot blood and impetuosity of youth, its disregard of danger, its thoughtless, adventurous, daring, though generous and gallant spirit, would allow me. The legitimate object of riding, whether blood or steam give vigour to the horse, is locomotion, or the safe, and perhaps speedy transference of our persons from place to place. Certain modifications of this principle may be looked upon as embellishments, but sure I am, that whilst they do not tend to enhance velocity, they signally contribute to the amount of risk.

What can possibly induce sensible young men, or young men at all, to put their necks in jeopardy, by mounting on the back of those half tamed animals which you see plunging through the most crowded streets of the metropolis. I really cannot catch a glimmering of their motives. Sympathy does not vouchsafe me a single clue whereby to conceive them. Mark that wild filly, how she throws up her head! Look at that beast, which glares sideways at you with the whites of its eyes! Listen to that black fiend how he squeals, and that grey madcap how she whines! What a splutter that piebald demon is making on the pavement with his hoofs—how he's perpendicular on his hind legs—mercy on me how he snorts!—I suppose his rider is saying his prayers—as I live he has the temerity to pay compliments to a lady at her carriage window. This is a degree of fool-hardiness I really do not profess to understand. It has been my lot, now and then, to be placed at the meres of a horse, and I don't know when I suffered more in mind and body than upon those occasions. I never yet contemplated a ride without feelings of the deepest emotion. Hours, nay days, before the fatal act, have been spent by me in the most doleful speculations, my thoughts constantly haunted by a fiery steed and a hapless rider—the arched neck—the whisking tail—the uplifted hoof—the shortened back—and I—, clinging pale, breathless, and horror-struck by the mane. Frequently my feelings, getting more pungent, at length open all the veins of my imagination, and I see blood—blood; or if my passions happen to be in another current, I conclude with the mortifying catastrophe of being thrown by my charger, in the view of the fair, ungraciously, though unhurt, on the top of a dunghill.

The prospect of my ride influences also, in a very singular manner, my disposition and conduct in the domestic circle, and that of my friends. Though naturally affectionate towards my family, I now become doubly so. I repeatedly solicit the pardon of

each whom I may possibly have offended, and assure them of my hearty and cordial forgiveness of any unkindness on their part with which I might hitherto have taxed them. I kiss all my sisters round. (I have eleven.) I speak in the tenderest, most filial, and most respectful strain to my father and mother, I shake hands repeatedly with my neighbours and acquaintances—give money in charity—become serious. The fact is, riding is with me one of the trials of life, and yet I occasionally undergo it; for, strange as it may appear, I have the greatest repugnance—a repugnance that even surpasses my dread of horses—to be thought an inexperienced equestrian, much more a timid one. My solicitude is ever on its guard to conceal my infirmity, and if my name were attached to this avowal of it, I think I should never survive the disgrace. Therefore, though I hold the quadruped which is the hero of these pages in utter abhorrence, I always when in company with strangers, and the subject is introduced, feign a partiality for the brute—talk learnedly about spavins, sand-cracks, wind-galls, lampers, &c. : sometimes also join the tribe who visit the stables; nay, in order to sustain my assumed character, venture to approach the animals, pat them, &c. Before, however, proceeding to this pitch of temerity, I take care to select the horse which seems the most quiet, and even then, in bestowing upon him my disseminated caresses, endeavour to take up a position which shall be a golden mean between his head and his heels. Whether it be from awkwardness on my part, I know not, but I don't think I ever attempted to fondle the ungrateful beasts, that they did not exhibit tokens of displeasure. A diminutive starveling of a little pony, that I once singled out as the object of my favours, absolutely squealed and kicked at me the moment I put my hand on him. The people in the yard called him 'Tom Testy,' and to them Tom's obliquity of temper seemed, like the whims of a privileged oddity, only to furnish a source of entertainment. Those things never amuse me. Sensibly aware, however, of my equestrian deficiencies, I have made many attempts to remedy them. At one time I took the matter in hand seriously, and went so far as to practice every day for a whole week on the back of Simon Slug, an old horse of my father's, which had been in the family for a quarter of a century—a quiet, plodding, dozy, old brute, who moved as if he were made of wood, and seldom went out of a jog trot. Yet I never got on Simon's back without some feeling of perturbation, and, in course of time, Simon perceived it, though in candour I must own, the only advantage he took of his discovery was to choose his own gait and his own road. The gait he usually selected was his favourite jog, and the road the shortest way home. For the first day or two I contended with Simon's domestic propensities, and by dint of coaxing—nay, threatening—I really ventured to have recourse to menaces—forced him past his favourite turn; but on the third day, whether it was that the flies were unreasonable, or that 'home, sweet home,' came more vividly over his recollections, I know not: all that I know is, that when I endeavoured to lure him on my way, he evinced his total insensibility to my blandishments, by doggedly standing stock still; and when, adopting more vigorous measures, I ventured practically to insinuate that I held not the whip in vain, he absolutely shook his ears, and backed with me. 'O, have it your own way—have it your own way,' said I, agitated with fright, and without again attempting to use the slightest coercion, but, on the contrary, trying every method to mollify and appease him, I became implicitly subservient to his will. Simon having gained his point, seemed perfectly satisfied, and jogged home the short way, which brought us to the stable yard in a quarter of an hour after we had set out. Thus was I tyrannized over for three days running; I then gave the matter up as a hopeless case, and left Simon Slug to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* in the paddock without any further disturbance. But the most unfortunate passage perhaps in my life, as connected with this portion of the animal kingdom, took place a few days ago, and it is the irritability of my feelings, still writhing under the influence of the chagrin and vexation experienced on that occasion, which have, it may be unadvisedly, impelled me thus to *swoon* and record in black and white my downright and unqualified horror of horsemanship. I happened to go last Thursday on a visit to a friend of mine, who lives in the country. There were several guests beside myself. On the morning after I arrived, whilst we were at breakfast, M., whose study is to make his house pleasant, asked half singing in his burlesque manner the words of Moore's melody, 'Well, what shall be our sport to day?' Various pastimes and methods of 'killing the enemy' were proposed. Some were rejected, others ratified; but what was my alarm, when, upon settling the 'order of the course,' I heard that I was to form one of the equestrian party. After I had somewhat recovered the shock which such a communication was calculated to give me, and had allowed myself time just sufficient to assume the appearance of equanimity, I said in as natural a manner as a slight tremulousness in my voice would admit of, 'My dear M., perhaps some of your friends of the walking party would wish to ride; if so, don't, I conjure you, (pulling him by the button,) don't let me be an impediment. I am a person very easily pleased—very.' (Here I snapped my fingers.) 'Your young brother, I see, is very anxious to ride; pray don't let me—'

party.' And he whispered me, 'Miss L. is in our coterie, and I want to make you both acquainted,' subjoining, also, whilst he nudged me significantly with his elbow, 'a man never looks to such advantage as when on horseback,' my jaw dropped in wretched anticipation; 'and, by the bye, she is a beautiful horsewoman, worth your while to see her in the saddle.'

Now, I put it to any nervous cavalier who ever ventured to place foot in stirrup—let him speak out fully, fairly, and honestly—could he, when mounted, ever look in any direction but that which is rectilinear between his own nose and the horse's ears? I pause for a reply. Others may be ashamed to own it—all I can say for myself is, that I never could deviate from that straightforward course of vision. I always, when riding, feel as if the centre of gravity were in my eye, and that if I looked to one side or other, I should infallibly find myself on Mother Earth.

'See her in the saddle—see her in the saddle,' said I, in that absent manner which is the consequence of trying to rejoin to a proposition, and to devise a fresh evasion at the same time. 'O yes, beautiful—very pleasant—very—but—but—I really feel stupid and dull to-day. I shall be a complete nuisance to the party—I shall indeed.'

'My dear fellow,' said M., clapping me on the shoulder, 'cheer up—I will give you an artide in the shape of Mad Kitty, my young and favourite filly, who I promise you will keep you awake.'

'Don't do any such thing—hem—I mean don't give me any of your valuable horses,'—here the perspiration broke out over my forehead,—for I am a careless rider,' said I, gasping;—might throw it down—break its knees—lame it for life—constantly occurs to me, and indeed, here my voice faltered. 'I feel more animated now—I do not think I shall want any stimulus—nay, I am in high spirits, continued I, in that discordant tone of voice which is the result of the constrained junction of terror and dissembled merriment. 'I never was more lively,' and I attempted to chuckle and whistle. Half buoyantly, half dejectedly, however, I subjoined, 'you need not mind Mad Kitty.'

'Why,' said M., somewhat influenced by his solicitude for his mare, but still anxious for my supposed comfort and amusement, 'if you don't ride the filly, I will have to mount you on the stupid old coach-horse.'

'My dear fellow,' said I, catching at the welcome sounds, 'just the thing; the fact is—ex cept when I am riding with the hounds, I am quite indifferent as to—'

'Ab, I see,' said M., 'you are true blue. Your real sportsman never cares how he is mounted except when on the sod; but there he looks for spirit and fire—well, you shall come down. No ne next winter when we draw the covers, and I will put you on a horse that will do you justice, and will not let any man in the county get the start of you.'

'I'll be — if you do,' said I, under my breath. I hope the recording angel dropped a tear upon the word—I spoke more in fear than profanation. My feelings during the remainder of the time we spent at the breakfast table were not, as you may guess, of the most agreeable nature. The thought of the ride hung heavily on me. It is true, the coach-horse had superseded Mad Kitty, still the coach-horse was a horse, and that was quite sufficient to awaken all my solicitude and apprehensions.

The party at length rose. Each coterie, as had been arranged, began to form for its allotted recreation. The ladies were equipped with the most unaccountable slairty, in their riding habits. Presently we hear the tramping of hoofs, and the 'clearing off,' which horses generally indulge in, when leaving the stables; sounds awful to my ears. I began to get a little faint. 'Equestrians, turn out,' said M. 'Come,' addressing me, 'have you your spurs on? You must wear a pair of scythes on your heels to make 'Big Sam' go on.' I retired to my room for a few moments, apparently to get my spurs, (I never dreamt of wearing those frightful weapons, more fatal in my eyes than sword or pistol,) but really to tranquillize the palpitation I found rising in my bosom. A few moments were all that were afforded me for this purpose. The servant soon knocked at the door—'Horses are waiting, sir.' I marvelled at his unperturbed air. He appeared to mention quite an ordinary occurrence.—'Very well,' said I calmly; and at the same, all the mock fortitude I could muster, I followed the servant down stairs, endeavouring the while to still the tumults of my breast, and singing with as nonchalant an air as my trepidation would allow—

'He loves and he rides away.'  
'Come, we wait for you,' said M., 'while you are singing, time flies.'

'And he leap'd on the courser's back,' continued I, quavering.

'Do then leap on your courser's back,' said M., pointing to a huge black monster, with an arched neck, like one of the Appenines, a ponderous carcase, which resembled a newly discovered continent, and legs!—simile does not furnish me with an illustration of sufficient capacity to describe his legs.

'You had better get a step-ladder, Mr. B.,' said Miss L., who, by-the-bye, is, I think, rather a pert and interfering person. I was obliged to force a smile. It was, I am afraid, an abortive one; my features soon resumed the cast suited to my sad situation.

'Farewell,' said I, wringing my uncle's hand. He happened to be one of the party, and was standing on the hall-door steps. 'Farewell'—and I pressed his palm between both of mine. I never felt my

howells yearn more towards my uncle than at the moment. He is a little, red-faced, choleric man.

'Whew, boy, you are squeezing my rheumatic finger,' said he, pettishly.

'Come, B., come,' shouted M. The horses began to get uneasy at being held in so long, and exhibited rather more uneasiness than I did, to be off. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' and my Mammoth among the rest began also to make some unwieldy demonstrations of impatience.

'I am quite ready,' said I, with feigned alacrity, and I prepared to mount.

'My dear fellow, is it at that side of your horse you mount?' said M.

'Oh,' returned I, with great presence of mind, glossing over my blunder, 'it is a perfect matter of indifference to me which side I mount.' I however went to the right one. 'Hold him tight—ahem!' said I in sotto voce to the groom, the injunction being perfectly distinct, notwithstanding a clearing of the throat, and a half-appearance of unconcern which accompanied it. What with my awkwardness, and Big Sam's unaccommodating spirit, I am sure three minutes fully elapsed before I got into the saddle, the groom having, (as, I believe it is, Ariosto says) got 'more kicks than halfpence' from me, whilst I unskillfully endeavoured to place myself athwart my charger.

'Well, is all right?' said M.

'Yes,' replied I, with desperation, both hands grasping the reins, and my feet driven up to the heels in the stirrups; 'all right.'

'Onward then,'—and on he went, I keeping in the rear as far as Sam would allow me; for, fired by a troublesome emulation, he ambitioned the foremost rank. I at length succeeded in getting him to walk beside one of the party, who being a gentleman of a certain age, was more staid and discreet than the rest of the bevy. We went along pretty smoothly. Sam now and then startled me by a loud neigh like an earthquake, and by occasionally throwing up his head, but on the whole his demeanour was tolerably tranquil. Though my position was far from being an easy one—though I was thoroughly conscious of the insecurity of the tenure by which I held it, still I was comparatively speaking, relieved from immediate apprehension, and was beginning to indulge the hope that all might yet be well, when M. called out 'Now for a smart trot.'

'O Lord!' said I, involuntarily, and on we trotted.

'You are riding faster than your horse, sir,' said my elderly companion, in a satirical tone.

'Bless me, Mr. B.' said the volatile young lady, 'you are very active. Why, you rise so high in your saddle, I think every moment you will hit your head against the clouds.'

'This ho-rse tro-ts ve-ry high,' uttered I, in broken accents, as I best could, the huge beast I was riding throwing me up and down in the most unmerciful manner. I all but lost my stirrups twenty times, and had to hold by the pommel constantly. It was a broiling day: my face became like a furnace through exertion and fear. These sufferings, at the same time, were intensely aggravated by my overhearing the jokers, who rode behind, laughing and enjoying the exhibition I was very unwillingly affording them.—My companions, I perceived also, with I believe the exception of M. himself began to suspect the true state of the case. At length we drew up for a few moments; it was, however, but a short respite.

'Open the wicket,' said M. to the grooms, 'that we may get on the sod.'

The groom did as he was ordered.

'I'll wait on the road for you,' said I, puffing and blowing, for I had a wholesome dread of the sod.

'Oh,' said he, 'we are not coming back this way; we proceed through the fields. Come along.'

'Now,' thought I, for the trial. I walked Sam in as quietly as I could, and practised a thousand frauds in order to keep him perfectly placid. I allowed him to put down his head and nibble a little grass. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'horses may have gratitude.'

Presently one of the young ladies of the party began to urge on her steed into a quicker pace. 'Now, for a gallop,' said Miss L.

Immediately all the horses began to show that restless spirit, which usually seizes them when one of their species exhibits any sign of accelerated motion. Sam happened at this time to be absorbed with his nose in a rich bunch of clover; for anticipating the 'mouvement,' as the French politicians say, I had no longer confined him to an occasional nibble; but hoping to draw off his attention from the transactions of his neighbourhood, had given him licence to feast himself *ad libitum* on the dainties with which he was surrounded. But, notwithstanding all my precautions, Sam soon got a sidelong glance of the arts which the rest of the brotherhood were enacting, and the *esprit de corps* wholly overcoming his passion for clover, he forthwith commenced practising the same evolutions. It was just as if St. Paul's Cathedral was dancing under you. I did every thing I could to moderate his transports; patted him whenever I could spare one hand from the reins—called him 'pretty Sam'—he nevertheless got more intractable. I now prodigally lavished every possible term of endearment upon him, pulling in the bridle at the same time with all the muscular force I was master of. He went round and round with me; snorted, pawed the ground, rose on his hind legs. 'Good boy—monster—fine fellow—O misery!—nice Sam—pretty little Sam'—and off he goes in a gallop! I fly on the wings of the wind, both arms embracing his neck—I could not see whether I was going—I passed near my party, for I caught their voices, and distinctly heard all saying, 'As I live, that old brute is running away with B.'

After this I became insensible. I have since ascertained that, in crossing an immense ditch, my tyrant threw me, and that I was taken up by the party.—Shall I go on? No. I will not add another word, except merely to say—you may rest assured, I will never get on big Sam back again, or that of any other horse that ever breathed the breath of life!

#### ANECDOTES. From Taylor's Records.

As introductory to our first extract, which relates to matrimony, we may inform the reader that Mr. Taylor commences his work with the motto:

'When I first I would die a bachelor, I did not

'Think I should live till I were married'—

having conceived a strong horror of the subject in childhood, by witnessing the representation of the 'Jealous Wife.'

*Novel Place of Courtship.*—Speaking of his father, Mr. T. says—'He married early in life the daughter of a respectable tradesman, but as he was not sufficiently established in his profession to bear the probable expense of an increasing family, my maternal grandfather strongly opposed their union, and they were obliged to court in secrecy. Strange to say, the place which they chose for their courtship was Bedlam, where, at that time, to the disgrace of the metropolis, casual visitors were admitted for a penny each.'

*A Poet's Bed.*—'When Derrick used to visit my father's cottage at Highgate, after a rural walk by himself, as there was no spare-bed in the house, he was accustomed to sleep in my cradle, with his legs resting on a chair at the bottom. He was a very little man.'

*The Conjurer.*—'I learned from Dr. Monsey, one of my father's earliest and warmest friends, that my great-grandfather was an eminent surgeon at Norwich, and highly respected in his private, as well as professional character. He had so grave and dignified an aspect and demeanour, that the superstitious among his neighbours imputed supernatural knowledge to him, and upon many disasters and losses consulted him as a *conjuror*. No mistake of that kind was ever made respecting any other part of our family that I ever heard of.'

Dr. Monsey related the following story as a proof of my great-grandfather's reputation for supernatural knowledge and wisdom. A countryman had lost a silver spoon, and excited by my venerable grandpa's reputed powers above the ordinary race of mankind, waited on him, requesting to know whether or not the spoon had been stolen, and, if so, desiring that he would enable him to discover the thief. The old gentleman took him into a garret which contained nothing but an old chest of drawers, telling the simple rustic, that in order to effect the discovery he must raise the devil, asking him if he had resolution enough to face so formidable and terrific an appearance. The countryman assured him that he had, as his conscience was clear, and he could defy the devil and all his works. The surgeon, after an awful warning, bade him open the first drawer, and tell what he saw. The man did so, and answered 'Nothing.' 'Then,' said the reputed seer, 'he is not there.' The old gentleman, again exhorting the man, in the most solemn manner, to summon all his fortitude for the next trial, directed him to open the second drawer. The man did so, with unshaken firmness, and in answer to the same question repeated 'Nothing.' The venerable old gentleman simply said, 'Then he is not there'; but, with increased solemnity, endeavoured to impress the sturdy hind with such awe as to induce him to forbear from further inquiry, but in vain; conscious integrity fortified his mind, and he determined to abide the event. My worthy ancestor then, with an assumed expression of apprehension himself, ordered him to prepare for the certain appearance of the evil spirit on opening the third drawer. The countryman, undismayed, resolutely pulled open the drawer, and being asked what he saw, said, 'I see nothing but an empty purse.' 'Well,' said the surgeon, 'and is not that the devil?' The honest countryman had sense enough to perceive the drift of this ludicrous trial, and immediately proclaimed it over the city of Norwich. The result was, that my venerable and humorous ancestor was never again troubled with an appeal to his divining faculty and magical power, but was still more respected for the good sense and whimsical manner in which he had annihilated his supernatural character, and descended into a mere mortal.'

*The Blind Boy.*—The following account is given of a boy born blind, on whom Mr. T.'s father had performed an operation for cataract:—

'After the boy had obtained some power of distinguishing external objects, by feeling them for some time, and looking hard at them, when presented to him, it was long before he had any notion of distances. If he wanted to take hold of any article that he saw on the table, he generally made a snatch at it, and on such occasions darted his hand beyond the object or before it, and seldom reached it till after many attempts. The success of the operation excited great attention in the neighbourhood where my father resided.'

An alarming proof of the boy's ignorance of distances occurred one night, which was fortunately observed by the watchman. The boy was going, as he stated afterward, to step from the top of the house in Hatton Garden over to Bartlett's Buildings, to catch hold of the moon. The watchman, an intelligent man, who had heard of the case, luckily saw him as he was on the point of stepping forward, and uttered a loud shout, bidding him get back into the house immediately. The boy obeyed, much terrified, and retreated into the garret. The watchman instantly

apprised the family of what had happened, and care was taken to secure the boy from the recurrence of any such danger. The boy, after he became familiar with his own reflection in a mirror, was fond of looking at his image, which he used to call his man, and said, 'I can make my man do every thing that I do but shut his eyes.'

*A Particular Master.*—Mr. Oldys was of a very reserved character, and when in passed his evenings at my father's house in Hatton Garden, he always preferred the fireside in the kitchen, that he might not be obliged to mingle with other visitors. He was so particular in his habits, that he could not smoke his pipe with ease, till his chair was fixed close to a particular crack in the floor.'

*Speaking in public.*—'Soon after the Duke of Norfolk, had removed all pecuniary difficulties, from Mr. Oldys, he procured for him, as I have said, the situation of Norroy king-at-arms, a situation peculiarly suited to his turn for antiquities. On some occasion, when the king-at-arms was obliged to ride on horseback in a public procession, the predecessor of Mr. Oldys in the cavalcade had a proclamation to read, but, confused by the noise of the surrounding multitude, he made many mistakes, and, anxious to be accurate, he turned back to every passage to correct himself, and therefore appealed to the people to be an ignorant blunderer. When Mr. Oldys had to recite the same proclamation, though he made, he said, more mistakes than his predecessor, he read on the thick and thin, never stopping a moment to correct his errors, and thereby excited the applause of the people, though he declared that the other gentleman had been much better qualified for the duty than himself.'

*The Insane Actor.*—Mr. T. thus relates the cause of the madness of Reddish:—

'His insanity took place soon after an unlucky occurrence at Covent Garden, the first night of his engagement. He appeared in the part of Hamlet, and in the fencing scene between him and Laertes, Whitfield, who performed the latter character, made so clumsy a lunge, that he struck off the bagwig of Hamlet, and exposed his bald pate to the laughter of the audience. In conversing with him in Bedlam, I soothed him by telling him that I was present at the scene, and that though the accident had a risible effect, the audience knew the fault was wholly to be ascribed to the awkwardness of his competitor. The mortification, however, made so strong an impression on his mind, that he never appeared on the stage again, and, I heard, ended his days in the infirmary at York. He was the second husband of Mrs. Canning, the mother of our late eminent statesman, Mr. George Canning. He distinguished himself chiefly in the characters of Edgar, Posthumus, and Henry the Sixth, in the play of 'Richard the Third.' Poor Reddish.'

*Dreams.*—The two of which we annex the history are related on page 47, *et seq.*—

'What the religious principles of Mr. Donaldson were, I never knew, but I am sure he had too many a mind to give way to superstition. The following circumstance, however, he told me as a fact in which he placed full confidence, on account of the character of the gentleman who related it. The latter was a particular friend of his, and a member of parliament. In order to attend the House of Commons, he had taken apartments in St. Anne's church yard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised, and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted any thing before he retired to rest: disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress, kept him long awake; at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep, he dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavourable, or rather repulsive countenances and demeanor of the two women, precluded all hopes of renewed sleep; and it being the summer season, he arose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit a house of such alarm and terror. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed, as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishopsgate-street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterward declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. He stated, that in a few hours after, he returned with a friend to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and the mistress; he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors; but on entering the house, they found that it was deserted—and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in the state which the gentleman's dream had represented.'

Before I make any observations on the subject, I shall introduce a recital of a similar description, and care not if skepticism sneer, or ridicule deride, satisfied that I heard it from one on whose veracity I could depend. I will, however, now take leave of Mr. Do-

naldson, though I could with pleasure dwell much longer on the memory of so dear a friend.

The other extraordinary story to which I have alluded, I heard from what I consider unimpeachable authority. Mrs. Brooke, whom I have already mentioned, told me that she was drinking tea one evening in Fleet-street, where a medical gentleman was expected but did not arrive until late. Apologizing for his delay, he said he had attended a lady who suffered under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty in swallowing. She said that she traced the cause to the following circumstance. When she was a young woman, and in bed with her mother, she dreamed that she was on the roof of a church, struggling with a man who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a cartman's frock and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again, but the impression of her dream was so strong, that she could not comply.

In the evening of the following day, she had appointed to meet her lover at a bowling green, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement ended. She had passed over one field in hopes of meeting the gentleman, and sung as she tripped along, when she entered the second field, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld, in the corner of the field, just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a cartman's frock, with red hair, and apparently approaching towards her. Her agitation was so great, that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sat on the stile to recover herself, and reflecting that the man might be harlequin, she was afraid that her flight on seeing him might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head. While in this meditation, the man reached the stile, and seizing her by the neck, he dragged her over the stile, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had pulled off all her clothes, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others that were approaching, and it was immediately raised. It was evidently not dead, and some of the party remarked that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others to guard and endeavour to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some, at no great distance, saw a man at a public-house sitting with a bundle before him. He seemed to be so much alarmed at the sight of the gentlemen, that they suspected him to be the culprit, and determined to examine the bundle, in which they found the dress of the lady, which some of them recognised. The man was of course, immediately taken into custody, and was to be brought to trial at the approaching assizes. The lady, however, was too ill to come into court, but appearances were so strong against him that he was kept in close custody, and when she was able to give evidence, though he appeared at the trial with a different dress and with a wig on, she was struck with terror at the sight of him, and fainted, but gave evidence; the culprit was convicted and executed. The medical gentleman added, that when she had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the melancholy event occurred. At length her throat became so contracted, that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance. Mrs. Brooke never had an opportunity of knowing more of the lady.'

#### THE NARROW ESCAPE.

'Terrence was a stout, broad-faced, good-humoured boy about fifty, who would rather talk than work, and rather sing than do either. He was a sort of agricultural dependant upon Farmer Mullins: he was his hedger, his ditcher, his reaper, mower, gardener, and *factotum*; and the farmer, won by his humour and good nature, kept him as a hanger-on about the farm, more than for any particular industry, of which he was seldom found guilty.'

An elderly gentleman, who lodged in the farmhouse, had been repeatedly amused with the vocal powers of Terrence, particularly at daybreak, when he had much rather 'his morning's winged dreams' had not been broken, as he heard him pass to the stable, where he was to perform the augean process. Terrence had just rested himself on his pitchfork, to give more effect to the last cadence of 'Sheela na Gwira,' when the gentleman complimented him by saying, 'You've a fine voice of your own, Terrence.'

'Faith, sir,' replied he, 'you may say that, and thank God for it; although it had like to have been the ruin of me, so it had.'

'The ruin of you, my good fellow, how so?'

'I can soon incense you how, sir,' said he; 'but you should hear the songs first, and by them you will see what they had nearly done for me.'

'Well, Terrence,' said the gentleman, 'if you will come in, in the evening, and sing me the songs, I'll hear your story, and give you half-a-crown.'

'Oh, by dad, that I'll do! and thank your honour,' said Terrence. So, accordingly, he brushed his brogues, washed his shining face, put on his long tailed grey frieze, and made himself 'clean and decent,' to go into the priscene, and made his bow among the family party, and commenced 'The Groves of Blarney,' 'The Cruiskeen,' 'The Boys of Kilkenny,' 'Donnybrook Fair,' and many others, when he came to a full stop.

'Now, sir,' says he, 'I'll give you the one that was near the ruin of me.' This was none other than 'The Wake of Teddy Roe,' a song as well known as the writer, S. W. Ryley, author of the *Itinerant*; which, when Terrence had finished, he said, 'There

sir, that's the one; and I never sing it, but I think of the *narrow escape* I had. And now I'll tell you how that was. I was loading the cart with manure, God help me! one morning, and singing that song, when a gentleman came by, and stood to listen to me. —Faiks! I little thought of the mischief he was putting on me. 'You've an excellent voice,' says he, 'my man, and that's a good song you're singing.' 'Faith, I have, sir,' for I had been told it often before, 'and for the song, shure it hates *Hannohir*, and that bates all the world intirely.' 'Well,' says he, 'have you any more of them songs?' 'Shure I have, sir,' says I; 'one for every day in the week.' 'Well, then, come up to my house in Dublin, and sing all you know, and I will see what I can do for you; but would you be afraid to sing them before a large company?' 'Not in the least, sir; the larger the better, and then they'll all hear at once.'

'He tolde me where he lived; and accordingly I went, and was shewn up to a most beautiful drawing room, where sat one beautiful crater at the *pianoforte*, and another at the harp. 'Terrence O'Farrell,' says I to myself, 'ould yourself up, you're among *quality* intirely,' and sure enough there was a great company. One of the beautiful crater handed me, with her own hands, a glass of wine, saying, 'Take this, Mr. O'Farrell, before you begin.' 'Och,' thought I, 'Mister O'Farrell!—but I wish my mother heard that.' So I plucked up a spirit, and says I, 'I'm obliged to you, ma'am, for the compliment, but barin' its all the same to you, I'll sing better after the smallest taste in life of whiskey.' So wid that, the gentleman up and filled a crustkeen for me, and that made all the differ wid me. 'Will I sit down, or stand up, sur?' says I. 'As you please,' said the gentleman. 'Well, then, as you're all sated, shure I'd be but one like yourselves, so I'll stand up, then I can give ye the *thrus maning*.' Well, to be sure, I sang to their intire satisfaction, and grate diversion they had wid me.

When I finished, 'Now,' says the gentleman, 'Terrence, I'll give you thirty shillings a week to sing me three of them songs three times a week.' I soon agreed to the bargain; and putting the card he gave me with a trifling of writing on into my pocket, which I did not stop to make out, I made the best of my way home, to tell my mother how my fortune was made all at once.

Well, as luck would have it, who should be sitting wid my mother but Tim Dooley. Now Tim had been brought up at the Sunday School, and had the gift, more nor any other man, and mighty proud he was—for there was no speaking to him since he learned to read and write—but he'd no notion of *singing*.—Well, 'may be,' thought I, 'Mister Tim, you won't be so consequence, when you see who the rich man is before you.' So I up and tolled them all I'd done, and sung, and said. 'My be my mother's eyes did not shine, the old crater! and may be she did not bless her son Terry.—Faiks she did; but it was left for Tim Dooley to spoil all.

'Where is this you are to go?' says he. 'Och! wait awhile till I show you,' says I. 'Shew me the ticket,' says he; and, taking it out of my pocket, he set up such a howl! 'What's come over you, sir?' says I. 'Och hone! och hone! is it come to this you are?—is it going to disgrace your family you are?—and the mother that's sitting before you!' Shure I thought there was some ill wind in the mighty good fortune all of a suddint. But for you to bring your old mother with sorrow to the grave, by going on of the like, is what she neither deserves from you, or the likes of you.' 'Let's be knowing my sin,' says I, 'and I'll thank you.' 'Faith here's your sin and your shame before you; and if you go to the place of this present writing,' says Tim, 'why, you're a lost man, that's all!' 'Will you please to give us the benefit of your larning now, and no more words from you,' says I, not very well pleased at the sarcasm he was beginning, 'and let's see the way I am going to my ruin?' 'Shure it's straight foreint you here.' And he read the direction.—'Mr. Ryer, manager of the Theatre Royal, Crow Street, Dublin!!!' 'Och, say my poor boy!' says my mother. 'And has your mighty fine pipe brought you to this disgrace?' says Tim. 'Och, the spalpeen!' says I, 'to go to make a *tayatrical* of a decent woman's child! Och, is that the game you're after, Mr. Ryer?' And if I'd known that, may be I would have seen you, and all your elegant friends, hanging by the fifth wheel of Pharo's chariot in the Red Sea, before I'd call up my lungs for your diversion.'

'Well, I burned the card before their faces, and blessed the star that lit Tim to the cabin that night, to save me from the *narrow escape* I had of being a ruined man by my beautiful voice, bad luck to it! and from becoming a diverting vagabond by act of Parliament.'—Dublin.

K. H.

The *Church Establishment in Ireland* is known to have been under the consideration of Government for some time; the following information as to the result of the deliberation on the subject is given in the *Dublin Express*:—'We can announce that Government has taken the settlement of the Church in hand earnestly, and that the new Tithe Act has not till within these few days been submitted to episcopal attention. The whole plan has been arranged without the active co-operation of the clergy, but now that it is placed before them as a choice of what they will consider evils, and that it is evident they must look upon the alternative as perfectly hopeless, we conclude they will concur with the Government in accepting the *terms* proposed. It is proposed by Mr. Secretary

Stanley to reduce the Irish Established Church to 2 Archbishops and 8 Bishops. The system of fines on Bishops' leases will be abolished; and the Church lands must, in future, be let on lease at full rents.

The minor details of this plan have not yet transpired. However, from the ample reduction of the Sees, we are in hopes we may infer that the whole establishment of the clergy will be supported out of the incomes of the Church lands, and that tithes will be wholly abolished, in conformity with the wishes of the people, and the best interests of religion itself. That the Church lands in Ireland will be ample sufficient for the purpose may be easily proved. They amount to something between 600,000 and 700,000 acres. Much of this land was originally selected from the choicest spots in the island, and reckoning the value of the buildings on it, probably 30s. per acre would be a fair calculation, or, in round numbers, 1,000,000l. stg. annually. But it has been urged by many that there is also a vast quantity of Church lands let under value, and a good deal waste and unproductive. We shall take the annual value at 700,000, and see how far that sum may be available for the support of the Protestant clergy in respectability. There will be two Archbishops, for whom 5,000l. a year each ought to be enough. Eight Bishops, at half that sum each. Ten Deans and Archdeacons at 1,000l. a year each. One thousand parish clergymen at salaries varying from 600l. a year to 200l. a year; and one thousand curates at 100l. a year. Now it cannot be said that 600l. a year is too little for the highest order of the rectors, as it is quite notorious that the public has always better served by the underpaid clergy than by the overpaid clergy.'—*London Spect.*

#### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 18th, Mr. A. Staats, to Miss M. Hill. On the 19th, Dr. Thomas Lee, of Camden, NJ, to Miss Catherine E. Tylee, of this city.

On the 20th, Mr. Wm. M. Dycman, of this city, to Miss Lavinia M. Vreeland, of New Jersey.

On the 23d, Mr. Peter Riker, to Miss Betsy Morris Heywood.

#### DIED.

In this city, on the 19th, Mr. T. Armstrong, aged 52. On the 19th, Mrs. Catherine Domnington, aged 42.

On the 19th, Mrs. Elizabeth Cornwell, aged 68.

On the 19th, Mrs. Ann Wilson, aged 41.

On the 20th, Mrs. Felicite Le Breton, aged 86.

On the 20th, Mrs. Margaret Tilyou, aged 90.

On the 20th, Mrs. Margaret S. Scholly, aged 54.

On the 21st, Mr. C. Boswell, aged 34.

On the 21st, Lieut. John M. Sullivan, of the U.S. Navy.

On the 21st, Mrs. Mary Robins, aged 90.

On the 22d, Mr. T. A. Cuypier, aged 72.

On the 22d, Miss Eliza Winnick.

On the 23d, Mr. James Gilchrist, aged 35.

On the 24th, Mr. J. Scovill, from St. John, NB, aged 22.

On the 25th, Mrs. Elizabeth Lamb, aged 47.

On the 25th, Mrs. Margaret Bayard.

At Brooklyn, on the 22d, Mrs. Lucy E. Pray, aged 32.

At Staten Island, on the 22d, Captain Henry Weiderhold, aged 65.

At Albany, on the 18th, Mrs. Sarah Knower, wife of Benjamin Knower, Esq., and mother-in-law of Governor Marcy, aged 54.

At Quebec, on the 15th, Monseigneur Bernard Claude Panet, Bishop of Quebec, aged 80.

#### MUSIC.

MR. S. KEENE, Teacher of the *Guitar, Piano Forte, and Singing*, 546 Broadway.

February 23.

#### HURLEY'S—(106 Broadway.)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 4, for 1833.—35 59 12 51 62 61 39 45 17.

I have again sold in the above, *Prizes* of \$1000, \$500, \$400, \$300, \$200, and several of \$100, &c., and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of \$20,000, 2 of \$10,000, 5 of \$5,000, 2 of \$3,260, 5 of \$2,500, 2 of \$2,270, 6 of \$2,000, 5 of \$1,500, 4 of \$1,250, and upwards of 120 of \$1,000 each, &c.

Wednesday, Feb. 27, will be drawn, New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 5 for 1833: 66 numbers—10 drawn lottery. Capital Prizes—\$20,000, 12,000, 8,000, 3,400, 2,000, 1,050, 10 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 30 of 100, &c. Tickets only \$10, shares in proportion.

Wednesday, March 13, will be drawn, Class No. 4 for 1833: 66 numbers—10 drawn lottery. Capital Prizes—\$20,000, 10,000, \$7,600, 10 of 1,000, 10 of 500, 10 of 200, 30 of 100, 47 of 100, &c. Tickets only \$5.

3d<sup>o</sup> In the above Scheme, all Tickets that have none of the numbers on them drawn from the wheel, (which would in other lotteries be blanks) are each entitled to a Prize of \$1.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Uncurrent money at discount at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold.

February 7, 1833.

#### BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS,

At RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—By SAM'L S. ST. JOHN, A. B.

TERMS—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, \$20 per quarter; over 12, \$25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 25 and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Counting House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References—The Faculty of Columbia College,

Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D.  
Rev. William A. Clark, D.D.  
Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Measrs. S. C. & S. Lyons, 256 Pearl street.

3cm ms. Jan. 5, 1833.

#### BOOKSELLERS, JEWELLERS,

AND DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS,  
WHO DESIRE A NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

#### 170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

LOOK FOR  
BUSSING & CO. Manufacturers,  
71 WILLIAM-STREET,  
NEW YORK.

#### PEACH ORCHARD, AND LEHIGH COALS.

THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected the past season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STOKES, & Co.

N. B. Also for sale as above, first quality Liverpool and Peach Orchard Nut Coal.

Feld 16—

TO LET,  
THE Upper Part of a genteel and convenient House, in Roosevelt street, (between Madison and Clarendon streets.) The Premises are five Rooms, a Kitchen, &c. Rent, \$225.—Apply to T. BUSSING,

Feb. 16. 70½ William street.

DR. BARCLAY'S Concentrated Compound of *Cubeb* and *Sarsaparilla*, an offensive, positive, and speedy Remedy for the Cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Seminal Weakness, Strictures, White, Pains in the Lungs and Kidneys, Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Passages.

This most efficacious Preparation is conveniently used, and totally devoid of irritating qualities, frequently performing cures in a few days; it is beneficial to the stomach, and by no means unpleasant to the palate; possessing all the active medicinal properties necessary for the Cure of the above Diseases, with out any liability of injury to the system by exposure to the weather. It has obtained the sanction of many of the respectable members of the Faculty, and the approbation of all those who have occasion for its use.

"A Treatise on the Medicinal Properties of Sarsaparilla, compiled from the best Authorities," strongly elucidates the high repute and great success which has long attended its use, in various internal Chronic Diseases.

Another choice ingredient, obtaining great celebrity in Europe, has also been introduced, forming a safe, speedy, and permanent Cure for the above Diseases.

Prepared by S. G. Barclay, M.D., Strand, London; and for sale by the Proprietor's Agent,

NATHAN B. GRAHAM,

No. 33 Cedar street, (corner of William st.)  
Observe the signature of "S. G. Barclay" on the stamp of each bottle—as none others are genuine.

MEDICATED & FANCY LOZENGES.—Candies, Colonel, Ipecac, Soda, Boneset, Horchouud, Tolu, Paregoric, Peppermint, Ginger, Cinnamon, Lemon, Wintergreen, and Rose Lozenges, of superior quality, for sale by

GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,

Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose sts.

MARBLE DUST, warranted, for sale at manufacturer's price, by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL, Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose sts.

#### CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A most splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentleman's DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. &c. of the newest possible manufacture, for sale by

BUSSING & CO., 70½ William street,

(next door to Cohen's, 71.)

#### OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st., near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

#### INCORRIPIBLE TEETH,

imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physi

cians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument is reserved exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his *Incorripible* Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D.

June 6, 1836.

#### ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improv

ed, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gano-greine of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*), hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentifrice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

#### CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the *Tooth-Ache*.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers street, New-York.

The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated *Tooth-Ache* Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing.

The subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the *tooth-ache*, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the *tooth-ache* there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable *Tooth-Ache* Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable *Tooth-Ache* Drops.'

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the *Tooth-Ache*, Thomas White's "Vegetable *Tooth-Ache* Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," a cure is guaranteed.

JONATHAN DODGE,

No. 5 Chambers-street, N.Y.